Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE DIPLOMATS OF DEMOCRACY

BY THE EDITOR

The law pertaining to the civil service should be honestly and rightly enforced, to the end that merit and ability shall be the standard of appointment and promotion, rather than service rendered to a political party.—From the Democratic platform adopted at Baltimore in 1912.

My warm advocacy and support both of the principle and of the bona-fide practice of civil-service reform is known to the whole country, and there is no danger that the spoils system will creep in with my approval or connivance.—President Wilson to the National Civil Service Reform League, October 22, 1913.

Speaking to the National Civil Service Reform League at its annual convention on December 13th, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, its President, said:

> In general, the cabinet officers, with the exception of the Secretary of State, have seemed to intend to conform to the declaration in their party platform and the well-known opinions of the President; but there have appeared some exceptions to this general policy.
>
> Several of the appointments of obscure men to diplomatic posts have seemed to the public to be made in payment of political debts, but the public attributes these appointments, not to the President, but to the Secretary of State.

We shall deal presently with this singular division of

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responsibility as fashioned by the venerable President Emeritus of Harvard University, to whom President Wilson proffered the position of Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

Meanwhile, what are the facts?

THE MINISTERS TO EUROPE

Of the Ministers Plenipotentiary appointed to European courts by President Wilson a majority at least rank easily as the peers, if not indeed the superiors, of their predecessors.

Mr. Lloyd Bryce performed his duties admirably at The Hague, but the selection of Dr. Henry Van Dyke as his successor was recognized universally as ideal, no less because of his pre-eminent fitness than of the indication afforded of Mr. Wilson's determination to be uninfluenced by past personal resentments in filling public offices.

Mr. Henry S. Boutell was appointed Minister to Switzerland by President Taft for no other reason than that he had lost his place in Congress and wished to continue in the service of his country. The appointment of Mr. Pleasant A. Stovall, the distinguished and cultivated editor of the Savannah *Press,* signified a distinct improvement.

The Belgian post was virtually vacant, President Taft having named Mr. Theodore Marburg in the last days of his administration merely to pay a passing compliment. Mr. Brand Whitlock, whose nomination at this writing awaits confirmation by the Senate, possesses high intelligence, unusual knowledge of public questions, and abundant tact. While lacking the quite exceptional distinction of Mr. Marburg, his welcome and success at the Belgian capital can hardly be doubted.

Mr. Jacob Gould Schurman was so eminently qualified for the post at Athens that his successor, Mr. George Fred Williams, is somewhat overshadowed; and yet, despite his political vagaries and financial heresies, Mr. Williams is a scholar and a gentleman. His appointment again served an excellent purpose in illustrating the President's remarkable facility in forgiving his opponents.

Between Mr. Swenson of Wisconsin and Mr. Schmedeman of Minnesota, the new Minister to Norway, there appears little room for choice.

We are unacquainted with the record or merits of Mr.

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Cyrus E. Wood, former Minister to Portugal, but his successor, Colonel Thomas H. Birch, is well known in New Jersey as a gallant and spirited staff officer, who could hardly have failed to absorb a modicum of wisdom while serving as personal aide to the predecessor of Governor Fielder. Although the propriety of making his first official appearance in the uniform of a New Jersey colonel may be questioned by cavilers, the fact that Mr. Birch began somewhat extensive preparations for his diplomatic labors by ordering a quantity of embossed stationery under the misapprehension that the legation at Lisbon is an embassy need not be regarded as prejudicial, in view of his promptness in relieving the Government of the expense incurred through his own inadvertence.

Of all the European Ministers superseded, the only one whose service seemed to call for special consideration was Mr. John B. Jackson, who rose steadily from the position of second secretary at Berlin in 1900 to that of Minister to Rumania in 1911, after having acquitted himself brilliantly in Greece, Bulgaria, Persia, and Cuba. His successor is Mr. Charles J. Vopicka, born in Dolni Hbity and naturalized in Chicago. With this exception, the changes in the ministries of Europe seem to have been warranted by the prevailing custom.

THE OLD AND NEW AMBASSADORS

Can the like be said of the Ambassadorships, the expensive "prizes" within the gift of the President? Invariably, during the past twenty years, Democrats in convention and from the platform have denounced the Republican practice of bestowing these honors upon wealthy individuals in return for substantial campaign contributions. That Mr. Wilson was sincerely desirous of effecting a reform was evidenced immediately upon his inauguration by announcement from the White House of his determination to select "men without wealth, but possessing every other form of qualification." The difficulties attendant upon the putting of this policy into practice, however, became quickly apparent, and, after making a few abortive and in actual effect somewhat unfortunate attempts, the President abandoned the plan and reverted insensibly to the selective methods of his predecessors. The consequence is that, with the single exception of Mr. Walter H. Page, who contrib-

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uted only William Bayard Hale and one hundred dollars in cash, all of those appointed are men who at one time or another supplied pecuniary aid to his canvass. In this respect, therefore, there is little room for differentiation between the old enslavement and the new freedom. We advert to it, not by way of criticism, but simply as a matter of fact and as a probably inevitable circumstance. At the very least, Mr. Wilson is entitled to credit, which could not be rightfully accorded to either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft, for making a commendable, though futile, endeavor to establish a higher and more truly American standard.

The relative merits of the Ambassadors chosen may be summarized briefly. Of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page it may be said without hesitation, as of Dr. Van Dyke, that a more creditable appointment could not have been made. As a litterateur of high repute, a student of international affairs, and a cultivated linguist, he fully realizes the excellent traditions which in former years were generally observed. Despite the long and valuable experience of his predecessor, Mr. O'Brien, it must, we think, be conceded that Mr. Page is the better equipped for the services which devolve upon the American representative in the Eternal City.

So much, unhappily, cannot be said of his fellow-Virginian, Mr. Willard, the new Ambassador to Spain, whose sole qualification is his wealth and whose appointment can only be attributed to his generous donations to the cause. As the successor of Mr. Ide, former Chief Justice and Governor-General of the Philippines, who is fully acquainted with the language and customs of Spain, and a gentleman of modest fortune, Mr. Willard appears as a complete reversal of the President's aspiration. The appointments to Rome and Madrid link themselves naturally together, since, oddly enough, Mr. Page was nominated at the earnest solicitation of the Senators from Virginia in return for their promise to secure confirmation of Mr. Willard, whose selection, being personal to the President, seemed likely to invite opposition.

MR. GERARD AND MR. PENFIELD

Although Mr. Gerard was a liberal contributor to the Democratic campaign fund, his appointment may be safely attributed to political exigencies arising from the strength of Mr. O'Gorman in the Senate at a time when his unquali-

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fied co-operation was in a large measure requisite to the success of Administration policies. Although less tactful, perhaps, than his predecessor, Mr. Leishman, and lacking the advantage of the latter's long experience and familiarity with the German language, there can be no question of Mr. Gerard's comparative ability or faithfulness to duty. Already, indeed, according to reports from Berlin, he has won for himself a most enviable position not only at the court of the Kaiser, but in the esteem of the government and of the German people.

The most unseemly foreign appointment made by President Taft was that of Mr. Kerens, the Missouri railway contractor, to be Ambassador to Austria. He had paid handsomely and received his reward, in conformity with Republican practice. The like is true of his successor, Mr. Penfield, who eagerly sought and gleefully obtained " recognition " for his " services " in time of need. From the day on which the proceeds of the quinine monopoly were drawn upon to the extent of fifty thousand dollars in aid of Mr. Bryan's canvass in 1908, there was never a question in any informed mind of the underlying cause of enthusiastic endeavor on the part of the Penfield family in the interest of true Democracy. An embassy was the desideratum, and, after the first fruitless gamble, an embassy was achieved in consideration of funds duly provided at critical moments in response to urgent insistence. Nevertheless, it is but fair to note that Mr. Penfield was vice-consul at London and consul-general in Egypt under Mr. Cleveland, and wears various decorative medals which were conferred upon him from time to time by grateful foreign governments and societies concerned with geographical problems. It is a fortuitous circumstance that, if he can shine at all, he will seem positively luminous against the background afforded by the drowsily opulent Mr. Kerens.

Our new Ambassador to Turkey, Mr. Morgenthau, is less fortunate, with respect to contrast, than Mr. Penfield. His immediate predecessor was Mr. Rockhill, whose unique record must be recalled, as follows:

1884–8—Secretary Peking legation.
1887—Chargé d'affaires at Seoul, Korea.
1888–92—Upon scientific expeditions to Tibet.
1892–4—Chief clerk State Department.
1894–5—Third assistant Secretary of State.

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1896–7—First assistant Secretary of State.
1897–9—Minister to Greece, Rumania, and Servia.
1899–1905—Director Bureau of American Republics.
1905–09—Minister to China.
1909–11—Ambassador to Russia.
1911–13—Ambassador to Turkey.

Although not yet sixty years old, Mr. Rockhill when superseded had been in the diplomatic service nearly thirty years and had won ten promotions by demonstration of exceptional capacity, without the aid of political influence of any kind. He is, in brief, the precise type of man whose retention the author of *The State,* writing academically, would have advocated with greatest fervor. Mr. Morgenthau is a prosperous New York business man who loaned money to the Democratic campaign committee.

MR. PINDELL OF PEORIA AS A POET

The appointment of Mr. Pindell, of Peoria, to be Ambassador to Russia, instead of internal-revenue collector of the Third District of Illinois, still awaits confirmation by the Senate, whose hesitancy is said to be due less to considerations of fitness than to a curious lack of frankness concerning the reputed designation of postmasters to act as agents for Mr. Pindell's newspaper. We need not recall the peculiar circumstances which induced the making of this grotesque nomination. The most vivid imagining could add nothing to the limpid explanations adduced by the Secretary of State and the ebullient Senator from Illinois. It is interesting to note, however, that the Russians themselves possess exclusive information to the effect that Mr. Pindell is a poet. They derived this impression from Senator Lewis's laudatory letter which was published in full in the *Novoe Vremya* and reprinted in part in the St. Petersburg *Press.* We quote from correspondence from the Russian capital:

> If Mr. Pindell is really a poet then his countrymen here owe him apologies, for none of them seem to be able to quote his verse. They were mildly surprised to read a telegram from Washington a few weeks ago saying that the appointment of the poet Pindell to be American Ambassador in St. Petersburg had been confirmed. Even in Russia it is not usual to offer a high public appointment to a poet who seeks "plenty of enjoyment and the social advantages attached to the position (of Ambassador to the Czar's court), especially for his daughter."

While freely admitting that, despite the seeming disrespect to their government implied in the appointment of an

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Ambassador upon the terms outlined by Senator Lewis and Mr. Bryan, Mr. Pindell would be received without prejudice, the Russian ministers, nevertheless, "can scarcely believe that he will come here as Ambassador from the United States."

That, of course, is a polite way of saying that, if Mr. Pindell should appear, his credentials would be accepted and he would be ignored. How could it be otherwise? Russia is a great and proud nation, wholly unaccustomed to playing enforced parts in opera-bouffe performances such as this has come to be. She is, moreover, the only one whose helpful friendship has never failed us, and is now frankly desirous of arranging the terms of a new treaty to our satisfaction and mutual advantage. To send Mr. Pindell to St. Petersburg under the conditions imposed by the Administration, authorizing him to accept the hospitality of the Russian nation while withholding from him any real authority to represent our own, simply to do him honor and to please his little daughter, would be a gross impertinence. We find it difficult to believe that President Wilson will permit the consummation of this absurd travesty. We do not presume to guess even at the reasons which induce his insistence upon the nomination; but we do declare plainly that the failure of Mr. Pindell to relieve the President of obvious embarrassment by demanding the withdrawal of his name betrays a deficiency in mental and moral perceptiveness which leaves no doubt of his unfitness to serve as an Ambassador of the United States to another Power of equal rank, dignity, and national sensitiveness.

MR. REID AND MR. PAGE

Mr. Whitelaw Reid was never regarded as a peer of his illustrious predecessors, from Thomas Pinckney to Mr. Joseph H. Choate, and became the object of no little American criticism in consequence of his quite ostentatious mode of living. Nevertheless, he was a publicist of note, had been a candidate for Vice-President and Ambassador to France, was thoroughly versed in diplomatic and social usages, was unremitting in personal service to his countrymen, and maintained his position with the dignity and tactfulness so highly appreciated by the British people. It is no reflection upon the personal character or professional ability of

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his successor, Mr. Walter H. Page, to record the simple fact that he is regarded in London as comparatively commonplace, not so much because of his quieter and more becoming manner of living as of his seeming lack of equipment for the performance of his varied and exacting duties. Although for long a competent editor of magazines, Mr. Page's interests and training had been educational rather than political, and necessarily his knowledge of the affairs most directly concerned in his official work was casual rather than profound. It was but natural, therefore, that at the beginning he should, as in fact he did, make an occasional *faux pas*. Nevertheless, signs are manifest that Mr. Page's sterling qualities and willingness to learn are gradually obliterating the effects of his early indiscretions, and it is unlikely that the President will find it necessary to exercise the privilege, which he reserved in a clause of his formal appointment of the Ambassador, of withdrawing him at any time. Indeed, to do so, despite the understanding, except with Mr. Page's full acquiescence, would seem almost ungracious, since the chief difficulty with which the new Ambassador was obliged to contend was of the President's own making.

The British have come to regard the position of American Ambassador to their court as second only to that of the President himself, and, having in mind their own attitude and the marked attentions which they invariably bestow upon him as distinguished from representatives of other Powers, they naturally like to think that Americans, too, hold the post in like esteem. It is easy, then, to see how the gratification which they felt at the original designation of President Eliot gave way to surprise when the offer was rejected, and how surprise yielded to positive chagrin when Mr. Olney, in turn, made known his declination. They could appreciate President Wilson's desire to pay compliments to distinguished friends, but they could not understand why formal proffers should be made without preliminary inquiries respecting acceptance. The slight interest which remained in the President's third choice, too, was largely dissipated by the fact that he was so wholly unknown that for a time he was confounded with the more easily recognized Ambassador to Rome. In a word, Mr. Page suffered at the outset from the feeling of the English that his final appointment implied little, if any, compliment

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to either him or themselves. A precisely similar, though less accentuated, situation maintains to-day in France, where those in authority whose favorable regard is most desirable do not hesitate to voice resentment at the American ambassadorship being tossed back and forth like a shuttlecock for a full year between the President and the chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Granting, however, as we must, the hapless infelicity of such proceedings, the fact remains that our present ambassadorial representation abroad, taken as a whole, compares favorably with that which it supplanted—an outcome truly noteworthy in view of the dearth of proven capability in the Democratic party and the very slight acquaintance of the President with members who might possess availability.

POLITICAL DEBAUCHERY IN LATIN AMERICA

We come now to the branch of the diplomatic service whose reformation upon a higher plane, initiated by Secretary Hay, and scrupulously safeguarded by Secretary Root and Secretary Knox, with the full approval of Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft, reflects the highest credit upon the Republican party—and alas! the scene changes. We refer, of course, to the Latin-American missions, obviously the most delicate and difficult of all in the present state of our relationship to the smaller republics of the Western Hemisphere. It was to the changes in these posts that President Eliot took exception in his report to the Civil Service Reform League. They may be summarized as follows:

Mr. Arthur M. Beaupre was Minister to Cuba. He entered the service in 1897, when he was appointed, after examination, secretary of the legation and consul-general at Guatemala. Subsequently he became secretary of the legation at Bogota, then Minister to Colombia, Minister to Argentina, Minister to the Netherlands, and finally, after fourteen years, Minister to Cuba. His successive promotions were attributed to manifestation of exceptional capacity. His successor is Mr. Wiliam E. Gonzales, editor of the Columbia, South Carolina, *State*.

Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, Jr., was Minister to Ecuador. He began as second secretary of the legation at St. Petersburg in 1902, and became successively secretary at Bangkok, to the legation in Rumania and Servia, to the embassies

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to Tokio and Mexico, and Minister to Ecuador. He is a scholar and a linguist and has never been a partisan. His successor is Mr. Charles S. Hartman of Bozeman, Montana, a free-silver Republican who supported Mr. Bryan in his various campaigns.

Mr. Lewis Einstein was Minister to Costa Rica. Beginning in 1903, he served as third secretary in Paris and in London, second secretary in Constantinople, first secretary in Peking, and as Minister to Costa Rica from July 6, 1911. His successor is Mr. Edward J. Hale, editor of the Fayetteville, North Carolina, *Observer,* who is seventy-four years old.

Mr. William W. Russell was Minister to San Domingo. He had been in the service since 1895, first as secretary at Caracas and at Panama, then as Minister to Colombia, to Venezuela, and finally, from 1910, to San Domingo. His successor is Mr. James M. Sullivan, a New York lawyer who achieved eminence by defending "Bald Jack" Rose in the notorious Becker trial. His cousin is a contractor interested in railway concessions in San Domingo.

Mr. Henry W. Furniss was Minister to Haiti. He is a Harvard graduate who was appointed consul to Bahia, after examination, in 1898, and was promoted to the Haitian mission in 1905. His successor is Mr. Madison R. Smith, a lawyer-editor of Farmington, Missouri, who served one term in Congress.

Mr. H. Percival Dodge was Minister to Panama. Beginning in 1897, he served successively as third, second, and first secretary at Berlin, secretary at Tokio, Minister to Honduras and Salvador, Minister to Morocco, chief of the Division of Latin-American Affairs in the Department, and, since 1911, as Minister to Panama. His successor is Mr. William Jennings Price, a lawyer, of Danville, Kentucky.

Mr. Horace G. Knowles was Minister to Bolivia. Although only fifty years old, he has been consul to Bordeaux and Minister to Rumania, to Bulgaria, to Nicaragua, to San Domingo, and, since 1910, to Bolivia. His successor is Mr. John D. O'Rear, formerly city counsel of Mexico, Missouri.

Mr. James T. DuBois was Minister to Colombia. He had been commercial agent at Aix-la-Chapelle, consul at Callao, consul-general at St. Gall, law clerk of the State Department, and consul-general at Singapore, before being appointed Minister to Colombia in 1911. His successor is Mr.

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Thomas T. Austen, a ranch-owner, of Austin, Texas, presumptively not unknown to Assistant-President Edward M. House.

Mr. George T. Weitzel was Minister to Nicaragua. Entering the service, after examination, in 1907, he was appointed successively secretary at Nicaragua and Costa Rica, secretary at Panama, second secretary at Mexico, diplomatic adviser to Admiral Kimball, assistant chief of the Division of Latin-American Affairs, and Minister to Nicaragua. His successor is Mr. Benjamin L. Jefferson, of Steamboat Springs, Colorado, a Bryan elector, otherwise engaged in the practice of medicine.

Mr. Charles D. White was Minister to Honduras. He was graduated from the Universities of Princeton and Berlin and, beginning in 1904, served as secretary at Buenos Aires, to the legation at the Netherlands, at Christiania and Havana before he was appointed Minister to Honduras in 1911. His successor is Mr. John Ewing of the New Orleans *States,* formerly collection teller for a St. Louis bank, and deputy collector of customs at Mobile, Alabama.

Mr. Henry C. Howard was Minister to Peru. He was a judge in Kentucky when appointed two years ago. His successor is Mr. Benton McMillin, the Democratic war-horse of Tennessee, *ætat* sixty-eight.

Mr. Robert S. R. Hitt was Minister to Guatemala. He began as third secretary at Paris in 1901 and continued as second secretary at Berlin, first secretary at Rome, first secretary at Berlin, Minister to Panama, Minister to Venezuela, and, from 1910, as Minister to Guatemala. His successor is Rev. William H. Lovell, of Austin, Texas, a Baptist minister aged sixty-three.

The average experience of the former Ministers to these South and Central American republics was fifteen and one-third years, and their average age at the time of their expulsion was forty-seven. All spoke the language of the countries to which they were accredited. The average age of the new Ministers is fifty-four and one-half, five being past sixty; no one of them, we believe, understands Spanish; and none, of course, has had diplomatic experience. In other words, twelve trained and capable representatives, several of whom entered the service under competitive examination and all of whom had long since forsaken partisanship, are superseded by mere party hacks whose ages

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clearly disqualify them for continuance in office for sufficient time to equip themselves for proper performance of their duties. A clearer case of partisan political debauchery cannot be imagined.

PRESIDENT WILSON, NOT MR. BRYAN, TO BLAME

President Eliot affixes the blame to Secretary Bryan, whose henchmen, with the possible exception of two neighbors of Assistant-President House in Austin, Texas, comprise the galaxy of incompetents. Another authority upon civil-service reform, a former Vice-President of the League to which Dr. Eliot made his report, disagrees. Writing in *The State,* published in 1898, Woodrow Wilson said:

> One of the chief points of interest and importance touching any system of administration is the relation which the ministers of state bear to the Executive. . . . Under our own system the heads of departments are brought together into at least nominal unity by their common subordination to the President. Although they are, as we have seen, rather the colleagues than the servants of the President, his authority is yet always in the last resort final and decisive: the secretaries have had very few powers conferred upon them by Congress in the exercise of which they are not more or less subject to presidential oversight and control. The President is in a very real sense head of the Executive.

Furthermore:

> The unfortunate, the demoralizing influences which have been allowed to determine executive appointments since President Jackson's time have affected appointments made subject to the Senate's confirmation hardly less than those made without its co-operation; Senatorial scrutiny has not proved effectual for securing the proper constitution of the public service. Indeed, the "courtesy of the Senate" . . . has frequently threatened to add to *the improper motives of the Executive* the equally improper motives of the Senate.

Again:

> The carrying out of those portions of the [Civil Service] Act which relate to the method of choosing public officers is, however, almost entirely subject to the approval of the President. The Constitution vests in him the power of appointment, subject to no limitation except the possible advice and consent of the Senate. Any Act which assumes to prescribe the manner in which the President shall make his choice of public servants must, therefore, be merely advisory. The President may accept its directions or not, as he pleases. *The only force that can hold him to the observance of its principle is the force of public opinion.*

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There is no escape from the clear and forceful logic of Mr. Wilson. A President may authorize or request a Secretary of State to submit recommendations, but it is the President himself who makes the appointments and signs the commissions, whose authority is " always in the last resort final and decisive." That Mr. Bryan, apparently abetted for personal reasons by Assistant-President House, has availed himself of the opportunity to discharge peremptorily members of the diplomatic service who had won their places by merit and fidelity and had every moral right to expect that their faithfulness and honest endeavor no less than their developed capacity would be considered, and to put into their places his own personal followers, no one of whom can speak or write any language except his own, is sufficiently obvious. But who accorded him the privilege, if not the President? Moreover, is Dr. Eliot quite fair in impugning the conduct of the Secretary of State? To the best of our information, Mr. Bryan has never espoused the merit system. While not going so far as to declare the right of the victors to the entire spoils, he did not hesitate in 1908 to pledge at least a half to his adherents in the event of success. And only last month his Associate Editor, Mr. Metcalfe, himself a beneficiary, pronounced it " ridiculous to suppose " that President Wilson would not "use the forthcoming canal organization as a means of reciprocating the efforts of those constituents who helped to place him where he is." Surely no charge of false pretense or hypocrisy can lie against Mr. Bryan. He is a true-blue Jacksonian Democrat, avowedly amenable to " the unfortunate, the demoralizing influences which have been allowed to determine executive appointments since President Jackson's time," and has never pretended to be anything else. It was not the Secretary of State who wrote:

" My warm advocacy and support both of the principle and of the bona-fide practice of civil-service reform is known to the whole country, and there is no danger that the spoils system will creep in with my approval or connivance."

It was Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, who also said:

" The President may accept its [the Service Act's] directions or not, as he pleases. The only force that can hold him

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to the observance of its principle is the force of public opinion.''

Truer words were never spoken; and we suspect that the force alluded to will be exercised and that its effect will be felt. But why does Woodrow Wilson do such things? How *can* he? Can anybody tell?

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Mr. Hearst says in his many newspapers:

> The President's message is written with his usual fine literary skill and persuasive charm of eloquence. It makes many sound suggestions, but it is not a programme for trust regulation and is not intended to be.
>
> It is intended to allay alarm, to encourage "big business" by assuring it that "our object is not to unsettle business or anywhere seriously to break its established courses"; by convincing it that "the antagonism between business and Government is over."
>
> In a word, it seems to us that President Wilson is now unduly scared by the dark clouds which he failed to discern at all six weeks ago.

As usual, we disagree. Some of the President's phrasing might pass for eloquence, but the construction is labored and the style tumid. Witness the opening paragraph:

> In my report "on the state of the Union" which I had the privilege of reading to you on the second of December last, I ventured to reserve for discussion at a later date the subject of additional legislation regarding the very difficult and intricate matter of trusts and monopolies. The time now seems opportune to turn to that great question; not only because the currency legislation, which absorbed your attention and the attention of the country in December, is now disposed of, but also because opinion seems to be clearing about us with singular rapidity in this other great field of action. In the matter of the currency it cleared suddenly and very happily after the much-debated act was passed; in respect of the monopolies which have multiplied about us and in regard to the various means by which they have been organized and maintained, it seems to be coming to a clear and all but universal agreement in anticipation of our action, as if by way of preparation, making the way easier to see and easier to set out upon with confidence and without confusion of counsel.

If, in 1893 or thereabouts, a student at Princeton had submitted to the Professor of Jurisprudence and Politics and author of *Mere Literature* an essay containing in a single paragraph as many "great"s, "clear"s and "clearing"s, "in respect of"s and "in regard to"s as appear above, he might not have been held up to scorn as "deserving of a very serious reprimand," but he surely would

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have gotten off easily with any punishment less severe than that which has come to be known as the Carabaon. Nevertheless, though only an inconstant reader of our most popular daily journals, we can readily comprehend the impression of "persuasive charm" blurred upon Mr. Hearst's literate consciousness by this medley of words.

But it is of substance, rather than of form, that we would speak as candidly as may be. Mr. Hearst hints somewhat brusquely that considerations of political expediency contributed largely to the temperateness of the President's utterance; that, "in a word," he is "now unduly scared by the dark clouds which he failed to discern at all six weeks ago." In all sincerity, after having perused the Message with painstaking vigilance, we gladly confess our inability to descry the slightest basis for this uncomplimentary opinion. Indeed, to our mind, Mr. Wilson appears at his very best in this declaration of purpose. He recognizes fully the pressing need of reassurance with respect to the general attitude of Government toward business; he pledges cooperation and fair consideration in place of pertinacious compulsion; he proclaims a hitherto unsuspected willingness, even a warm desire, to entertain suggestions from any worthy source; he makes no dogmatic and inflexible insistence upon the enactment of a single statute specifically drawn; he maintains complete openness of mind concerning methods and details; *and yet* he deviates not one hair's-breadth from his fixed determination, avowed long ago, to write certain essential requirements into the law of the land. He may, quite likely does, as Mr. Hearst suggests, discern more clouds now than he beheld when taking a mere casual glance at the firmament some weeks ago; but, seeing them, he proceeds forthwith to have at them with vigor, to the end that untoward consequences may not ensue, to the prevention of a full and fair test of the new dispensation. That is what we hoped for. It is shrewd politics, to be sure, as even Mr. Hearst tacitly admits; and why not? Has the Democratic party come into power only to play the traditional fool? But it is more and better than shrewd politics; it is true statesmanship, strong, broad, and wise, and *certain to be effective because it gathers behind it instantaneously the irresistible force of public approval.*

We may be less sanguine than the President that "the antagonism between business and Government is over"

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already; we may question whether the two are now fully "ready to meet each other half-way in a common effort to square business methods with both public opinion and the law"; but we do declare unhesitatingly that the moment it shall be clearly demonstrated that the object of Government is in fact "*not* to unsettle business or anywhere seriously to break its established courses athwart," and that what must be done shall be done "in thoughtful moderation, without revolution of any untoward kind," the wretched antagonism which has subsisted so long and so disastrously *will* be over for years to come. Therein lies the hope of the Nation no less than the disgust of the greedy and the dismay of the demagogue.

Clearly the country has accorded a hearty welcome to the President's proposals. It would be sheer waste of time, however, to attempt intelligent discussion until they shall be duly formulated into explicit statutes. May that important task be performed by Mr. Clayton and his associates with the greatest speed consistent with the exercise of utmost carefulness, should be the wish of all good citizens and most particularly of all Democrats, good and bad, who have in mind the possibilities attendant upon the forthcoming Congressional elections.

Meanwhile (if we may be permitted): Sincere compliments to the President upon his courageous repudiation of the pusillanimous rest-cure recommended by his only Vice from the banks of the river Eel!

HETCH HETCHY, AGAIN

THE announced proposal of Senator John D. Works to reopen the Hetch Hetchy case with a view to repealing the national grant of water and power rights to San Francisco should and probably will receive scant consideration from Congress. The President set forth succinctly the reasons for this legislation when he withstood the heavy pressure brought to bear upon him by thousands of well-intentioned but ill-informed persons and courageously approved a practical measure of great benefit to the people, without regard to political considerations. He wrote as follows:

> I have signed this bill because it seemed to serve the pressing public needs of the region concerned better than they could be served in any other way, and yet did not impair the usefulness or materially detract from the beauty of the public domain.

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The bill was opposed by so many public-spirited men, thoughtful of the interests of the people and of fine conscience in every matter of public concern, that I have naturally sought to scrutinize it very closely. I take the liberty of thinking that their fears and objections were not well founded. I believe the bill to be, on the whole, in the public interest, and I am the less uncertain in that judgment because I find it concurred in by men whose best energies have been devoted to conservation and the safeguarding of the people's interests, and many of whom have, besides, had a long experience in the public service, which has made them circumspect in forming an opinion upon such matters.

He thereby, declared the Chicago *Inter-Ocean,* voicing the judgment of a large section of the newspaper press, "disappointed thousands of his admirers who believed he would have the insight and courage to stop what has openly been called the most stupendous graft that has ever been authorized by any Legislature, state or national." This statement undoubtedly is correct, but the reason why those thousands were disappointed is to be found in the fact that, unlike the President, they had not scrutinized the bill closely enough to be able to pass intelligently upon its merits. A careful perusal of the House reports and the Senate debates upon the subject cannot fail to convince any sensible and fair mind of the wisdom and propriety of his action. It is not, indeed, too much to say that a veto would have involved disregard of official obligation in the interest of personal popularity.

Seldom has a project of such magnitude been so grossly misrepresented. Probably a majority of the people still believe that a great portion of the Yosemite National Park is to be despoiled wantonly for the undue commercial advantage of a single city. The facts are that the Hetch Hetchy Valley is in the Sierra Nevada mountain range, thirty miles north of and wholly separated from the Yosemite; that it is now so nearly inaccessible that less than fifty persons visited it last summer; that of the 719,622 acres comprising the entire park, only 1,330 acres are to be flooded; that of this insignificant portion San Francisco already owns nearly 700 acres; that in exchange for the remainder the city transfers to the national government a larger area of land which it owns within the boundaries of the park; and that the creation of a great lake will not only enhance rather than impair the beauties of the region, but will open up to tourists and campers an enormous territory which is now unavailable for sight-seeing and recreation.

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There is no spoliation whatever; only a fair exchange which is "no robbery," in order that the resources provided by Nature may be utilized for the actual and pressing needs of a community which already comprises 750,000 souls and whose growth and development, because of the alternate seasons of drought and plenty in California, are peculiarly dependent upon an adequate supply of pure water. This is true conservation in the view of common sense no less than in the expert judgment of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, who testified as follows:

> We come now face to face with the perfectly clear question of what is the best use to which this water that flows out of the Sierras can be put. As we all know, there is no use of water that is higher than the domestic use. Then, if there is, as the engineers tell us, no other source of supply that is anything like so reasonably available as this one, if this is the best and within reasonable limits of cost, the only means of supplying San Francisco with water, we come straight to the question of whether the advantage of leaving this valley in a state of nature is greater than the advantage of using it for the benefit of the city of San Francisco.
>
> Now, the fundamental principle of the whole conservation policy is that of use—to take every part of the land and its resources and put it to that use in which it will best serve the most people—and I think there can be no question at all but that in this case we have an instance in which all weighty considerations demand the passage of the bill. . . . The construction of roads, trails, and telephone systems which will follow the passage of this bill will be a very important help in the park and forest reserve. The national forest telephone system and the roads and trails to which this bill will lead will form an important additional help in fighting fire in the forest reserves. As has already been set forth by the two Secretaries, the presence of these additional means of communication will mean that the national forest and the national park will be visited by very large numbers of people who cannot visit them now. I think that the men who assert that it is better to leave a piece of natural scenery in its natural condition have rather the better of the argument, and I believe that if we had nothing else to consider than the delight of the few men and women who would yearly go into the Hetch Hetchy Valley, then it should be left in its natural condition. But the considerations on the other side of the question, to my mind, are simply overwhelming, and so much so that I have never been able to see that there was any reasonable argument against the use of this water-supply by the city of San Francisco, provided the bill was a reasonable bill.

Or, as Secretary Lane remarked: "I think, as one having charge of the park, that it will be beneficial, and that any one who really knows the country and appreciates the advantages that will come by the opening up of it and making it accessible and putting it to use must indorse this proposition as against some rather doubtful esthetic considerations."

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And Secretary Houston, even more pithily: "I think there is a great deal of beauty in San Francisco to be conserved and that the hundreds of thousands of people there have some claims upon the government."

It was to the testimony of men such as these that President Wilson alluded as having influenced his decision to do that which clearly would confer "the greatest good upon the greatest number." The measure having passed the House unanimously and the Senate by a vote of nearly two to one, there is little likelihood that Congress will permit a reopening of the subject, but there is a possibility that the proposal may evoke another storm of criticism from misguided sentimentalists. It is well, therefore, to set down the simple facts in order to make plain to every sane mind, not only that the President could not properly have done otherwise, but that what he did was intrinsically and unescapably right.

HELPING THE ADMINISTRATION

THE latest "rider" in furtherance of reversion to the spoils system is that reported to the House of Representatives by the Post-Office Committee removing twenty-four hundred assistant postmasters from the classified service, to which they were assigned by the executive order of September 30, 1910. It is identical with the proviso exempting deputy collectors which was added to the Urgent Deficiency Bill and received the official sanction of the President. Its recommendation by the Committee, therefore, occasioned no surprise.

But the situation has changed. Elsewhere in this REVIEW we recall the observation of Professor Woodrow Wilson in *The State* to the effect that "the only force that can hold him [the President] to the observance of its [the Civil Service Act's] principle is the force of public opinion." It is now, we are proud and happy to record, the high privilege of President Wilson to confirm in actual practice his own academic observation. Our frank criticism of his action in the previous instance, under the title "Breaking the Pledge," bore upon his failure to make known his position while there was yet time to eliminate the obnoxious proviso from the Bill, believing, as we did, that "by a nod of his head he could have beaten it in the House of Representatives, where a change of only three votes would have

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prevented its passage." The newspaper Press generally approved this view and the consequence is that the President announces definitely that he will veto the Post-office Bill if it comes to him encumbered with the "rider" reported by the Committee. This means that the provision will be stricken out and that Mr. Wilson will be relieved of the necessity of filing another exculpatory memorandum.

We frankly regard the happy result of this short but vigorous campaign as a distinct triumph won for and on behalf of the Administration through arousal of that public opinion whose force Professor Wilson so clearly recognized. Now if the President will go but a step further and declare that he will never sign another Bill carrying a provision not germane to the real purport of the measure, joy shall be unconfined.

MR. ZAPATA—PROGRESSIVE CANDIDATE

Although the precise date for a full, fair, and free election of a President of Mexico has not yet been fixed, the primaries are well under way and the candidates are advertising their respective merits after the fashion of their country. The benevolent Mr. Carranza continues to hold his lead among the Constitutionalistas, but the more energetic Mr. Villa is pressing forward with no little vehemence and success. Indeed, the reports seem to indicate that the latter's exceptional pillaging capacity is winning for him wide-spread popularity among the more competent murderers who comprise the dominant faction of his party. It is but natural, under the circumstances, that his benign rival should maintain a discreet absence from the more prosperous assassin's immediate vicinity.

Meanwhile, thanks to the enterprise of the New York *World,* we are enabled to contemplate the physical, mental, and moral characteristics of the Progressive candidate, Mr. Emiliano Zapata, who is making a lively canvass in the state of Morelos, somewhat to the annoyance of the inhabitants, whose lives, wives, children, and properties he is taking at will. The correspondent found Mr. Zapata at Xolox—"the embodiment of sullen, suspicious, defiant, insolent brute force."

> Across his lanky legs, which were incased in tightly fitting charro trousers, strapped under dusty tan boots, his red, hairy hands lay loosely.

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Three fingers were circled with rings. One finger, from the knuckle to the first joint, was covered with rings, four or five of them bearing huge diamonds and a ruby and an emerald. Bigger diamonds were on the other fingers. The jewels fairly shrieked "loot" at one. So did the gold watch that was strapped around his wrist. Every man in his entourage was similarly decked out with gaudy but valuable jewelry. Over a soiled, rumpled blue silk shirt Zapata wore a short charro jacket. Embroidery in gold bullion almost hid the fabric of which the jacket was made. The buttons were of gold.

So were a double row of buttons on the outside of his tight trousers, as well as tiny chains that connected up the buttons two by two. Knotted under a low collar that sadly needed laundering was a red silk tie with long ends that flared down to the waist. In the tie was another diamond as big as the butt of one of the .30-30 Mauser cartridges which he bore in his belt and as yellow as the white of a bilious man's eye. Two automatic revolvers resembling young cannon snuggled in stamped leather holsters at his hips. In gold, on each holster, were monogrammed his initials. Gold damascened silver spurs jangled from the heels of his boots. By his side lay a huge sombrero with pounds and pounds of gold bullion on the brim and crown. Here, again, on either side of the crown, shone a gold monogram. Any pawnbroker in Mexico would have loaned Zapata at least twenty thousand pesos on himself as he sat taking his ease before the fire in Xolox.

Whenever Zapata spoke to the men or gave an order he fairly barked the words at them in a rough, guttural voice. Instant compliance was always given, and a semi-military salute invariably prefaced any speech that Zapata's men addressed to him.

Impressions of brutality, ruthlessness, cunning, but nothing of real cleverness; an ill-proportioned ambition, vanity, and other qualities akin to these, forced themselves upon one as the rebel leader's dominant characteristics. He is as impressive as a gaunt, fiery-eyed, snarling tiger-man who has committed some monstrous crime, or as a repulsive serpent is impressive, not because of anything within them latently noble, beneficent, or useful, but by reason of malign power for harm which they hold.

One cannot train the imagination sufficiently to divine a humane, kind, wise, or patriotic Zapata. His appearance and manner, everything that one turns to the world in converse with other men, is against him. Revelations of self which came during the interview stamped him as a man, in intellect, education, aspirations, and knowledge of his own country or of other lands, not superior to the average peon whom one encounters anywhere in Mexico during a day's journey.

Mr. Zapata expounded his policies with pitiless publicity. "I am fighting for the people against the aristocrats. I want to get back their land for them. They have been robbed a long time. You Americans have robbed them. All foreigners have robbed them. I have taken care of all the thieving Gatchupinas (Mexican nickname for Spaniards) in Morelos. I have killed them all, excepting those

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that ran away and have taken their property. They deserved to die because they stole from the poor. When I become President I shall pass laws to keep foreigners out of the country. They come in and take everything that belongs to Mexicans—mines, lands, oil, everything. Diaz let them do it. He ruined the country by letting foreigners come and build railroads. We do not need railroads in Mexico. If there were none Americans would not come here. Only a few of them came before there were railroads, because it was too long a journey."

Mr. Zapata also says that Huerta must go, not, however, because he may have done wrong, but because he is a reactionary and will do nothing for the poor—a policy which conflicts with the Progressive candidate's conception of social justice.

"Yes, it is true," he declared, "that I sent out a proclamation before Christmas to warn every one in the National Palace that I was coming to kill them. Huerta and every one who is with him I shall hang. I shall not shoot them, for they do not deserve soldiers' deaths, for they are traitors and thieves."

Mr. Zapata had stolen and killed, of course; but "I stole only to pay and feed my men, and I killed only those who were oppressors of the poor." Would he recognize Carranza? He laughed.

"I will tell you about that, for it also is funny," was his response. "I have no allies, for Zapata fights alone. Why should I ally myself with any one?"

"Carranza sent to me to fight for him. He was very generous. When he became President, he said, he would make me Governor of Morelos. I thought, 'When I become President I shall make you Governor of Chihuahua.' Why should he, who has been fighting less than a year, be President instead of me? Would that be fair? But he offered to send me rifles, cartridges, and some cannon. I consented. He did send rifles and cartridges, but no cannon.

"Carranza wanted me to capture Mexico City. I could do it, but why should I turn it over to him? When I take Mexico City I shall keep it for myself, not give it away to a man who cannot win his own battles. I could have captured the city many times, but I am not ready. For a long time my men were afraid. They are poor Indians, used only to the country. They were fearful of a big city like Mexico. Foolish stories had been told them of things that happened there, so they were all frightened. But they will soon forget that. They know I shall do as I promised—capture the city and hang Huerta and all his Ministers unless they run away too fast. No, I am fighting for my own cause, which is the cause of the common people. If others want to join me they may do so. Do I not deserve to

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be the leader and have the people elect me President? What other man has fought as successfully as I?

"Tell Huerta that he can never find me, but that if he lingers too long in the place which he has usurped and my people find him, it will not be a happy day. Say to him anything that you wish; what do I care how many soldiers he sends? Nor do I care how much they may fight in Mexico. The harder and longer they fight the easier it will be for me to triumph when I am ready."

American intervention would not dismay Mr. Zapata, he said. Irreconcilable hostility to foreigners is a fundamental provision in his creed.

"Do you not remember," he asked, "that a long time ago the Americans tried to conquer Mexico? They did, for I have heard old people tell of it. They came in great swarms. By treachery they got into Mexico City, but there they met disaster. The Mexicans drove them out of the country—killed thousands of them. They never have dared to make war on us since, for they remembered the lesson they got so long ago. If Americans should return again, I should fight them. I should not join with Huerta, but I would fight them alone. After I had beaten them the country would be mine, for the people would know that it was I who saved Mexico from the Americans and would reward me by making me President. It would please me to see them come."

In other words, Mr. Zapata will co-operate with the United States only in refusing, under any circumstances, to recognize the *de facto* President. As a Mexican gentleman, however, when he gets him, he "will drink a bottle of cognac with him and then kill him."

Clearly, although we may not view his methods of procedure with unqualified approval, Mr. Zapata may prove to be a most serviceable ally in furtherance of our policy of watching and waiting until something happens—to Huerta.

ALL'S WELL WITH CARABAO

It is not yet quite clear whose feelings were most sorely hurt by the Carabao songs—Mr. Bryan's, Mr. Wilson's, or Uncle Sam's. The officers were accounted by the Commander-in-Chief "deserving of a very serious reprimand" because their dinner programme "violated some of the most dignified and sacred traditions of the Service." It is

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quite inconceivable that the President meant this to apply to a lively college graduate who acquired fame as a writer of limericks. Nor can it well refer to the Secretary of State, who has become somewhat of a habit, we admit, but has hardly as yet assumed the proportions of a sacred tradition. No, this preliminary allusion must have been to Uncle Samuel himself, upon the theory that he wishes the insurrectos to be blessed instead of damned.

"What," continues the President, "are we to think of officers of the Army and Navy of the United States who think it 'fun' to bring their official superiors into ridicule and the policies of the government which they are sworn to serve with unquestioning loyalty into contempt?" Oh come, now, what "policy" did they bring into contempt? The Mexican, perchance? How could they, when nobody knows what it is? And what "official superior" did they ridicule? Neither Secretary Garrison nor Josephus. They got off scot free of mention. And not Mr. Bryan, who is only the moral, not the official, superior of the army and the navy—a fact delicately implied in the following verse:

> Now if Wilson were here to-night,
> He would give us a spiel that's right,
> On "How to Preserve the Army's Good Name,"
> "How to Play the Mexican Game."
> But we'd ask him a thing or two,
> Policy that we should pursue;
> If he'd found it hard replyin',
> He'd ask William Jennings Bryan,
> Who would sing him "Lead, Kindly Light."

There is nothing really sacrilegious in that. After all, the great Cardinal's beautiful hymn was of human origin, and, what is more, Mr. Bryan does sing something very like it every time he makes a speech and turns his dogged eyes toward the White House. As for the famous battle-ship, is "U.S.S. Piffle" a whit more jocular than "U.S.S. Friendship" or "Fraternity," or whatever it was that the Secretary christened that craft down at Annapolis?

What do we think of medal-wearing officers who thus indulge in "silly effervescences of childish wit" after a care-free dinner? Why, we think mighty well of them, mighty well, and so does everybody, including the President, who would no sooner think seriously of questioning their "loyalty" than of doubting his own. But, as Kip-

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ling truly says, when a man's nerves are on edge, 'e's apt to be a bit 'asty an' peevish-like, thus revealing, sometimes by way of joyful surprise, symptoms appealingly human. However, all's well since those sunny days at Pass Presbyterian with jovial John Lind—

So let us sing, Long live the King!
And Bryan, long live he!
And when they mount high horse again,
May none be there to see!

THE EPISODE AT BALANGIGA

By the way, did ever you hear of the episode at Balangiga? No? Nor had we until the other evening, when an officer of the United States army who served in the Philippines told us the story in simple words like these:

Well, it was typical. The island of Samar was at peace. The Gugus had been whipped into order, and they had promised to be good. Company C of the Ninth Infantry was sent to garrison Balangiga. Mind you, there had been peace for a year, and the company was simply to stay there and preserve order. Captain Connell, in command, was a New York boy who had been graduated from West Point, and Lieutenant Bumpus, of Boston, was his junior. There was no other lieutenant with the company, and they mustered some sixty or seventy men, all told.

Connell was a fine, friendly fellow. He was on excellent terms with the padre of the parish and the presidente of the village, not only for official reasons, but because he was a neighborly, amiable sort of man. Nothing could be pleasanter than the relations of Connell and his men with the people of Balangiga. The presidente had undertaken to have the brush cleared away from the neighborhood of the company's quarters, but he called on Captain Connell one evening to apologize for delay because he hadn't enough men for the job. He needed one hundred more.

"Do the best you can," Connell said. "Get all the men you want who will work."

That was all the presidente wanted, and he brought in a few hundred Gugus armed with bolos—long, heavy knives something like machetes, but worse.

Company C was at breakfast next morning when the presidente called on his friend, Captain Connell. Ten naked Gugus slipped up-stairs after him, barefoot all—making no more noise than spiders. Connell, Bumpus, and the doctor were at the table when the presidente stood at the door, smiling.

"Come in, Señor Presidente," said Connell, cheerily, "and have some breakfast!"

He came in, still smiling. His barefooted Gugus leaped in after him

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with their bolos ready, and snicked off the heads of Connell and Bumpus and the doctor before they knew what was happening.

The presidente went to the window and threw out the heads. That was the signal. Three or four hundred Gugus—God knows how many—were waiting in the bush and watching the windows. When the heads flew out they swarmed into the mess-hall, bolos flying.

Company C lost half a dozen men in half a dozen seconds; then they got on the job. All they had to work with was the heavy crockery from the table, the stools they sat on, and a few baseball bats that happened to be lying in a corner. Yes, that's all they had—that and their fists—but they held the bolo men and began to drive them back. There was one sergeant, a very handy fellow—queer I can't recall his name at the moment. Well, he got nine with his baseball bat—oh yes, finished 'em all with one tap each.

Yes, sir, those boys held together, and with their thick bowls and plates and bats fought across the plaza to their quarters, and got their rifles and cartridge-belts. Then the Gugus fell back into the bush, but kept up the fight with their guns. What was left of Company C started for a post three miles down the river. They didn't bother about their officers because they had seen the heads in the plaza. There were only thirty men left when they got down to the river-bank and found some boats, but just then the drummer—I think it was the drummer—said:

"Hey, fellows, we forgot the flag!"

So with that they all started back for the plaza, and there they found the flag still flying. You understand, of course, the little brown brothers were firing on them all the time from the bush, and they were firing back. Well, they got the flag, properly lowered and caught and folded, and made for the river again.

There were only twelve men left when Company C got down to the bank, but they had the flag. The twelve got into three or four boats, and started for the fort, three miles away. The river was about as wide as Broadway most of the distance, perhaps twice as wide in some parts. The little brown brothers were firing from the bush on both sides, and our fellows were firing and paddling as best they could.

Only one boat got down to the fort. In it there were three men—and the flag, of course. Only one man was able to move. Some fight, wasn't it?

But that isn't the point. When our people got to Balangiga and saw those poor heads that had been kicked about until they were all tatters and rags and the bodies hacked and mutilated so you can't talk of it, they received impressions that will last as long as they live. That is the sort of thing that has happened over and over again, and, make no mistake, the officers and men who have come in contact with it will always "damn the insurrectos"—as I do now in my heart.

One of the regulars at the fort who received the pitiful remnant of Company C—and the flag—was the officer who recounted the incident, a Carabaon naturally, and among those duly reprimanded in time of peace, petulance, and piffle.

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"UNITED WE STAND"

WHEN President-elect Wilson discreetly decided, after due deliberation, to take Brother Bryan to his bosom instead of leaving him on his back, our mind was jostled somewhat by the reflection that faithful performance of the duties of Secretary of State might encroach upon the time required by the distinguished editor for brilliant professional performances. Happily our fears have been dispelled. True, the teeming *Commoner* now appears but once a month instead of hebdomadally, as in the good old days, but of this we make no complaint. As a matter of fact,—but never mind about that.

The point is that our Brother-Secretary (he was Brother first) has demonstrated that one really can ride two horses at the same time and maintain what he used to call, when speaking of certain metals, a "perfect parity" between the two. Upon this point, of course, opinions may differ. The majority, we suspect, would hold that, in consequence of the disparity in his experiences, Mr. Bryan appears the more luminously in the hall of fame as a thoroughly self-trained journalist, but only the other day no less an authority than Josephus himself pronounced him the greatest Secretary of State since Jefferson, outshining even Marshall, Madison, Monroe, Adams, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Marcy, Seward, and others literally too numerous to mention. Our own most judicial view has already been indicated. Mr. Bryan seems to us quite as great, but no greater, as Secretary of State as he appears as Editor of the first drum of Democracy. Wherever you put him, he weighs the same.

But we were speaking of the highly serviceable team-work which our Brother-Secretary has inaugurated in his dual capacity to the mutual advantage of the higher journalism and of this feverishly efficient Administration. Aroused by a certain reminder of forthcoming Congressional elections which appeared in the January number of this REVIEW, the *Commoner* announces that it "has started a movement" by making a special campaign rate of sixty cents in clubs of five or more, "which is as near cost as it can be safely estimated." The language probably is that of Brother Chas., but the source of the inspiration is beyond question. Two pledges are printed with blank spaces for signatures. The first reads as follows:

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A PLEDGE

TO ELECT A DEMOCRATIC CONGRESS IN 1914

Publisher *Commoner:* Believing that the way to indorse President Wilson's administration is to elect a Democratic Congress in 1914, and believing that *The Commoner* placed in the hands of worthy Democrats and the independent voters will materially assist in the election of a Democratic Congress as an approval of the administration of President Wilson, I request that you send me the subscription cards indicated below, and I pledge myself to use my utmost endeavor to sell the cards and will remit for them at the Congressional Campaign Special Rate of 60 cents each.

The second pledge is more explicit, *viz.:*

A PLEDGE

Publisher *Commoner:* Desiring to assist in upholding the hands of President Wilson's Administration, and believing that circulating *The Commoner* as current campaign literature in close Congressional districts will materially aid in bringing about the election of the Democratic candidates, I hereby agree to contribute the amount indicated below, the same to be used in sending *The Commoner* at the special rate of 60c per year to persons in my county or district or in another state or district, as I may designate later.

$1.00	
$3.00	
$5.00	
$10.00	
$25.00	

Name .....

Box or St. No.....

P. O.....State.....

Indicate the amount you are willing to contribute by marking X opposite the figure printed on the end of this blank.

The amount pledged above may be sent in with the pledge, or it may be paid any time within 60 days. This pledge is not negotiable, and collection of it will not be forced. Kindly fill in the pledge and mail at once to *The Commoner,* Lincoln, Neb.

We prefer this one as the more direct and appealing. We also value the prudence manifested by the firm declaration that "this pledge is not negotiable," thus effectually dis-

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posing of any danger of a conflict with the new Currency Act through the possible circulation of these pledges as "lawful money." The announcement, too, that "collection will not be forced" is reassuring to a degree. Perhaps it might be well to substitute "R. F. D. . . ." for "Box or St. No. . . .," but this probably would be understood.

But one further suggestion, which frankly we consider a most happy one, is to include THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and thus unite the two greatest forces now busily engaged in "upholding the hands" aforesaid. We stand ready to join the movement at a moment's notice upon one condition, namely, that the pledge shall read in plain English:

> Publishers *Commoner* and NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: Desiring to uphold the hands of President Wilson's Administration, and believing that this can be done most effectively by obtaining subscriptions for the *Commoner* and the REVIEW, I hereby agree "to contribute," etc.

If Brother-Secretary Bryan will indicate his acceptance of this slight amendment, we will communicate with Brother Chas. respecting a joint rate by the first parcels' post, simultaneously proposing that we print in large black type at the top of the Offer "United We Stand" and stop there, leaving to the imagination of the reader all speculation as to what might happen if by any untoward circumstance we should ever be divided.

We await a prompt and statesmanlike response without impatience.

CONSISTENCY IN JOURNALISM

WE have received from the editor of one of the foremost newspapers of the country a communication from which we quote the following:

> . . . But it is not of these specific acts of Mr. Wilson that I wish to write. I do not, in fact could not successfully, deny the justice of your criticisms. What distresses me is that you should feel obliged to make them at all or at least so poignantly. In all friendliness, I ask you if your attitude is quite consistent? I have a right to ask that question. As you know, the —— was among the first to take up your suggestion of the President of Princeton for President of the United States and, as you know further, I did so in opposition to my own judgment of its practicability and solely in response to the arguments which you advanced personally when we met at Mr. ——'s at dinner away back in 1907. Or was it

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1906? But having once enlisted for the war for better government and higher ideals, the —— has never wavered. We sounded Mr. Wilson's praises persistently during all those years when hope of success was less than faint. I don't know how many columns of your own pleas in his behalf in the *Weekly* and REVIEW we reprinted. Naturally I rejoiced tremendously when the nomination was finally won. We worked hard for his election and are now supporting his administration zealously and hopefully.

This consistent record of what I consider true public service is my chiefest pride as an American journalist. The fact that you initiated and inspired it constitutes my claim of right now, not perhaps to pass rebuke upon your present course, but to beg that you will not persist in it, except after the most thoughtful consideration. Is not your perspective temporarily at fault? You cannot expect to find perfection in any man, though you did pretty nearly convince many of us to the contrary. And again I inquire, Are you consistent? In view of the signal, really marvelous, triumph of your great idea and of the big and broad aspect of affairs, would it not be wiser and more advantageous to the country, regardless of the effect on Mr. Wilson's personal political fortunes, to minimize the minor defects in his Administration? And are you not stultifying yourself somewhat, or at least discrediting your own judgment voiced so earnestly during the long, lean years when we were all being scoffed at for chasing a will-o'-the-wisp? I followed your lead from the beginning, to the greatest satisfaction of my life, and I want to follow it to the end. Won't you let me?

Such a letter from such a source clearly demands an equally candid and, in view of the receipt of like remarks from more casual readers, perhaps public response. It happens that we made it nearly a year ago. If our esteemed friend will turn to *Harper's Weekly* of March 8th, 1913—Inauguration week—he will find the following declaration of purpose:

The period of advocacy now finds a natural and proper ending. A President of the United States stands upon the highest pedestal in the world, far above the plane of possible competition. He wants no exploitation; his every act is noted. He seeks no defense; his deeds make answer to accusation. He needs no interpretation; his faintest whisper carries farther than the combined appeal of hundreds. He requires no spokesman; his own is the voice of the people. For them he stands as their chosen tribune, immune to unjust criticism, sure of deserved rewards; necessarily alone, but serene in his solitude and consciousness of right.

No argument is needed to show that undiscriminating praise would not only be an unkindness to a President of the United States, but would come unworthily from a public journal.

"The press," said Mr. Curtis, "is never a more beneficent power than when it shows the country that, while loyal to a party and its policy, it is more loyal to honor and patriotism. It is the palladium of liberty because it is the only power in a free country that can alone withstand and overthrow the crafty conspiracy of political demagogues. If it does not lead,

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it is because it chooses to follow; it is because it does not know that no office is so great as that of molding opinion which makes parties and Presidents; that no patronage is so powerful as the just fear of an unquailing criticism brought home to every word and every act of every public man, and commending its judgment to the intelligence and the conscience of every citizen."

Harper's Weekly reaffirms the principles of its great editor. It regrets nothing that it has done; it rejoices in the re-establishment in power of the party which should and can be great, liberal, and truly democratic; it feels that it has peculiar reason to wish for the administration of President Wilson the greatest conceivable measure of success.

To that end and in that hope, as a natural sequence of the result accomplished, it now resumes the exercise of its normal and highest functions as an independent Journal of Civilization, free and glad to commend generously all that it deems praiseworthy, and equally free and ready to criticize frankly or condemn unsparingly whatever it may adjudge deserving of censure.

From this day forward the attitude of *Harper's Weekly* toward the administration of President Wilson will differ in no respect from its attitude toward the administrations of his predecessors.

No holder of public office can be as big as his party; no party as great as the nation; no group of politicians as potent for good or ill as a fearless and independent press.

No words at our command could make the present position of this REVIEW more clear. Is it not, we ask our friend in turn, wholly consistent, entirely sound, and absolutely right? And have we varied so much as a hair's-breadth from the policy thus defined? True it is and beyond dispute that we do not and shall not "minimize" defects; neither do we nor shall we magnify them. Our sole endeavor, in treating as a public journal of public affairs, is to speak the exact truth and draw exact conclusions. More need hardly be said at this time except perhaps, as our observant friend may have inferred, that we regard cant, hypocrisy, and humbug with distinct disfavor.

COMMENT

It is an amusing anecdote related by the *Tribune:*

Mark Twain brought out *Joan of Arc* anonymously. The book was one of his failures, but he was proud of it. Before he acknowledged its authorship he sometimes fished for compliments about it. One evening at dinner Mark Twain said carelessly to a Senator: "Are you a novel-reader?" "Yes, a great novel-reader," was the reply. "I don't suppose you're following that anonymous new serial, 'Joan of Arc'?" "Indeed I am, through every instalment." "What do you think of it? Is it good?"

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"That's hardly a fair question to ask me," the Senator replied. "You see, I wrote 'Joan of Arc' myself."

But we doubt its authenticity. The story appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in 1895, and Mr. Beveridge was not elected to the Senate until 1899.

The most convincing evidence of Mr. John Skelton Williams's fitness to be Comptroller lies in the fact that so competent a judge as Senator Weeks could find no fault in him. Apparently there was no need to raise the abrayed bugaboo of "Wall Street opposition," to secure his confirmation.

"The President does not approve this section of the bill," said Chairman Moon in his speech on the Post-Office "rider." "But this committee is not here to bow to the will of the President or to bow to the will of the present Postmaster-General." Quite true unless, of course, their will happens, as in this instance, to coincide with the will of the country.

You have to give the Hon. John Lind credit for keeping his mouth shut. He is one man who doesn't run down the reporters to get his name in the papers.—*Raleigh News and Observer, Josephus, Editor.*

Praise from Sir Hubert!

Products of the farm are bringing better prices, and we may look to see increased interest in the raising of cattle, sheep, and hogs.—*Josephus.*

Thus reducing the cost of living.

Reports concerning Mr. Asquith's troubles with his First Lord and Chancellor of the Exchequer revive rumors of growing dissensions among members of a Cabinet somewhat nearer home.

Colonel Harvey proposes Colonel Bryan for President of Mexico, which suggests that the silly season is in ahead of time.—*Rochester Herald.*

He thinks we meant it.

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INTERVENTION

BY MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM HARDING CARTER, U.S.A.

We love and value peace; we know its blessings from experience. We abhor the follies of war, and are not untried in its distresses and calamities. Unmeddling with the affairs of other nations, we had hoped that our distance would have left us free, in the example and indulgence of peace with the world.—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THE inexorable decrees of destiny drive nations headlong into courses of action whose ultimate end is beyond human foresight. When destiny coincides with material interests, conscience is all but smothered, and in the multiplicity of arguments truth is relegated to oblivion. Armies march away to execute the mandates of policies based frequently upon the expediency of the moment, and in the end results unforeseen and undesired gradually unfold and are accepted as the legitimate consequences of military operations.

However noble may be the principles actuating a nation in forcibly intervening in the affairs of another nation, its conduct will be critically scrutinized at every step, and the first sign of over-reaching is likely to bring the charge of having fostered the very conditions which made the opportunity for intervention. It was with knowledge and in acceptance of these historical facts that our nation so carefully provided, in its declaration of war against Spain, because of conditions in Cuba:

> That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

History furnishes no examples of more altruistic sacrifices of blood and fortune than those involved in our occupation of Cuba and its enforced sequence, the suppression of rebellion in the Philippines. These experiences have led us

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far afield, and the presence of a part of our army in quarters at Tientsin to-day, ready for summons to Peking, creates no concern in the public mind. We are in military occupancy of China, on a small scale, because we fear the instability of the new republic and not from motives of cupidity. Because of our course in Santo Domingo, Central America, Cuba, China, and elsewhere we have accustomed ourselves to view intervention as excusable and necessary whenever our interests or those of humanity are at stake.

Allegations as to the instability of governments usually arise where material interests are involved. In fact, we are prone to regard a government as stable only when capital may seek investment at reasonable rates of interest. Nearly all the misunderstandings between nations in recent years are traceable to commercial rivalry or to failure to protect investments made by foreigners in the development or exploitation of other than their home country. It is this latter condition which, for several years past, has caused the constant suggestion that our Government should intervene to restore order in Mexico, even though Americans and foreigners in that revolution-ridden country have generally opposed such action.

For three years our neighboring republic of Mexico has been so torn with dissensions as to make intervention a subject of daily conversation and suggestion. With the memory of the *Maine* disaster and its consequences on public opinion, we know full well the possibility of the nation being carried away by the excitement following some unexpected and unpreventable incident. For three years our people residing along the Mexican border have been sorely tried, yet there can be no doubt that Americans generally are in full sympathy with the President in his efforts to induce the Mexicans to agree upon a proper solution of their internecine struggle, just as our forebears were in full accord with President Van Buren's views that

> an invariable and strict neutrality between belligerents and an entire abstinence from all interference in the concerns of other nations, are cardinal traits of the foreign policy of this Government. The obligatory character of this policy is regarded by its constituents with a degree of reverence and submission but little, if anything, short of that which is entertained for the Constitution itself.

It is certain that our people await in hopeful mood the outcome of the struggle in Mexico. As a neighbor with some

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interest and much responsibility ordinary precaution suggests the propriety of being prepared for eventualities. Under our governmental system ordinary affairs arising in the departments or bureaus are adjusted through the great clearing-houses in Washington, but incidents of serious import happening along a thousand miles of frontier, and frequently of international consequence, are left year after year to the border representatives of the State, Treasury, and War Departments, and the Department of Justice, without proper rules of action or definite regulations based on statutes, for their guidance, and yet, an error of judgment of an isolated official or border patrol at any time during the past three years might have produced an outburst of local sentiment which would have traveled in ever-enlarging circles too rapidly to be overtaken with explanations and apologies. If we are to become involved in Mexico, it is of the highest consequence that it shall be the result of deliberate policy and not arise from inflamed sentiment based upon a local and unprecedented incident.

Admitting for the sake of argument that the Constitution of Mexico has been subverted; that civil war, accompanied by acts of savagery, has long prevailed, and that a state of anarchy has arrived, we needs must measure well our duty before deciding upon forcible intervention, else we may so change the scales of historic justice as to interfere with genuine progress toward a great national end. We owe it to ourselves not to encourage or force public opinion looking to intervention because of financial interests of our own or of other foreign subjects in Mexico. Out of the existing struggles there may yet arise a great Mexican patriot who will open the eyes of his countrymen to the blessings of constitutional liberty, and show the world that a quarter of a century of suppression of the popular will, exploitation, and the thrift of fawning which follows in the wake of such a government has not destroyed the spirit of a people who have survived oppression for more than three hundred years. Russia freed her serfs, America freed her slaves, and Mexico freed her peons from bondage, but edicts of emancipation do not immediately create intellects, but only make it possible to develop them. We shudder at the reading of the crime of some Mexican peon while we ignore or forget the incessant recitals of murders and violent crimes at our very doors.

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Assuming that all our efforts have been in vain, that our diplomats have taken their formal leave and the crisis has arrived, we may profitably consider the resulting situation and our probable course of action in regard to Mexico In a comparatively brief period of time we have seen the long régime of Porfirio Diaz terminated by the revolution of Madero, who held the reins of government through a brief and troubled incumbency until arrested and deposed as President by his own military chiefs in the midst of revolution which had reached the palace doors. Assassinated in a manner peculiarly offensive to Anglo-Saxon ideas, Madero was followed by Huerta, against whom a series of counter revolutions were begun in several states and have continued with signs of material success.

As far back as 1835 President Jackson described such conditions in his annual message to Congress:

> Unfortunately, many of the nations of this hemisphere are still self-tortured by domestic dissensions. Revolution succeeds revolution; injuries are committed upon foreigners engaged in lawful pursuits. Much time elapses before a government sufficiently stable is erected to justify expectation of redress. Ministers are sent and received, and before the discussions of past injuries are fairly begun, fresh troubles arise; but too frequently new injuries are added to the old, to be discussed together with the existing government, after it has proved its ability to sustain the assaults made upon it, or with its successor, if overthrown. If this unhappy condition of things continues much longer, other nations will be under the painful necessity of deciding whether justice to their suffering citizens does not require a prompt redress of injuries by their own power, without waiting for the establishment of a government competent and enduring enough to discuss and make satisfaction for them.

Our Government has stated its attitude on the subject of Mexico quite definitely more than half a century ago:

> No matter how strongly the sympathies of the United States may be with the Liberal Constitutional party in Mexico, our Government cannot properly intervene in its behalf without violating a cardinal feature of our foreign policy.

So far as foreign interference in Mexico is concerned, our nation has never called in question the right of any other nation to carry on hostile operations for the redress of real grievances which it may have suffered, but definitely denies the right to hold permanently any part of the country or to direct or control its political destiny by force. Our nation has never been indifferent to events occurring in Mexico, but as the nearest neighbor and the one with greatest po-

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litical and financial interests at stake has consistently endeavored through its good offices to maintain peace.

Our unpreparedness for a war of magnitude in 1898 has become a matter of recorded history through the proceedings of the commission which investigated the War with Spain. On the threshold of possible eventualities demanding the employment of force it may be profitable to consider the present status of our military establishment.

The fortification of our harbors has been completed, so far as the original scheme is concerned, and only two projects of importance, not included in the first plans, remain to be carried out. The scheme of submarine mine defense of our channels and harbors is about as nearly perfect as human foresight can provide for. Our infantry and cavalry are armed with rifles which have no superiors the world over. Our field-artillery *matériel* has steadily improved, and so far as accuracy and reliability of shooting is concerned there is no comparison with any former period of our own service. The improvements made in the fuses used by the field artillery have made it possible to fire over our own troops with a minimum chance of accident. Our system of communications is incomparable. The army is well fed, comfortably clothed, and well equipped. Our men are well trained, physically athletic, and mentally resourceful. The administration of the army is now watched over by a General Staff Corps, with the result that there is supervision of preparation and co-ordination of effort. Instead of a number of widely separated storehouses under numerous bureaus, there are now large field supply depots well stocked with clothing, equipments, arms, and ammunition, which admits of train-loads of properly balanced articles being sent to rendezvous or to the front, and eliminates to a great degree the possibility of missing links. In these depots are stored the latest models of field ovens ready to be sent to the front and to maintain a supply of bread of the best quality until troops move beyond the advance bases and are reduced to living on the ration comprising bare necessities and carried in a haversack on the person. And when our men march away to meet the enemy they go with the best shoes that science has been able to devise for preventing abrasions and other forms of foot lameness.

All this preparedness has not come as the inspiration of the moment, but through many years of diligent study and

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experimentation, with sincere desire on the part of Congress and the War Department authorities to leave nothing undone which experience developed as necessary to avoid the mistakes of the past. So far as perfection of plans, equipment, and character of officers and men there is little to be desired. The matter of most serious concern is the deficiency in numbers of organizations as well as in the strength of existing units. The correction of this condition has engaged the minds of public men since the Declaration of Independence without a definite and satisfactory solution. The War Department has not at its disposal to-day sufficient force to mobilize for field service one corps of three complete divisions without stripping the coast-artillery fortifications, and this could only be done when operating against a nation without sufficient naval strength to harass our coasts. Congress has not been without advice, but many proposed methods of overcoming our defective military system have failed to stand the analysis of committee investigation, and in some phases of preparedness we are as far from a practicable basis of action as in 1898, and the nation, in event of war, must await the imperfect legislation usually brought forth in emergencies. Much discussion and some experimentation have cleared the befogged condition of some questions, and the day may not be far distant when a practicable Federal Volunteer Reserve may be created which can be depended upon to reinforce our small regular army without question as to State or National boundaries, or whether intervention is war when applied to the constitutional limitation on the use of the Organized Militia of the States.

We owe it to ourselves to be prepared for the increasing obligations which are crowding upon us as a great Power. If we but maintain our equilibrium in the midst of difficulties, and occasion demands that we march our army into the territory of our neighbors to restore order, we may execute the undesirable duty in a manner befitting a highly civilized and honorable people. This nation is fortunate in the presence always of large numbers of men of high standards of ethics, seeking for the right with the virility of intellect transmitted through many generations of Anglo-Saxon forebears. If they but lead we cannot go so far afield that we may not withdraw with honor.

WILLIAM HARDING CARTER.

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THE FOUNDATION OF THE STATE

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

THE period of mental tranquillity happily intervening between electoral campaigns affords a favorable opportunity for the consideration of fundamental questions. Among these is the true nature of the State; for the most important task of mankind has been, and continues to be, the maintenance and perfection of the State as the organized expression of political ideals.

It would, however, be a public misfortune if, in the pursuit of ideals, we were to overlook the fact that, in some form, the State is a reality. Wherever human beings exist in a self-conscious society, there the State also has substantial being. As monarchy, oligarchy, or democracy, it lays the hand of power upon human life and in some degree shapes and controls its destinies.

What is it that constitutes the true source of the State's authority? What is it that requires of the individual the subjection of his private will to the demands and prohibitions of an authority superior to his own immediate interests and inclinations? In brief, whence does the State derive the right to command?

The first answer to this question is, that the individual must obey because the State possesses the power to compel obedience. It is evident, however, that, if an individual, or a group of individuals, possesses the power to resist or evade the authority of the State, the necessity of obedience disappears; and, further, that, if obedience is merely a question of submission to superior force, an individual, or a group of individuals, if their force were sufficient to enforce obedience to their own private will, might claim to possess the authority of the State. In other words, mere power may *compel* obedience; but it cannot create the *duty* of obedience. It can make laws, and it may be able to enforce them; but

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this does not exclude our right to resist or evade them, if we possess the power or the ingenuity to do so. Mere *might* does not make *right,* and a State founded solely upon *force* can create no obligations that bind the reason or the conscience of its subjects.

At the present time there is, perhaps, no jurist or political philosopher who would defend the thesis that the State reposes merely upon the power to enforce obedience to arbitrary commands and prohibitions. In the revolt against personal despotism it was sought to base public authority not upon supreme power, but upon general consent. For arbitrary force was substituted the "will of the people." But, it may be asked, how is it possible to derive from a mere collection of private wills an authority that does not inhere in any one of them? What right is possessed by ten men that justifies them in imposing their private wills on an eleventh man who does not consent to obey them?

The mere statement of the question suggests the proper answer. There is nothing in a collection of merely private wills, considered as so many personal expressions of desire or determination, to give them authority over any other individual. If no one of them, considered singly, possesses authority over another person, all of them united possess no authority. As for consent, they may consent for themselves, but only for themselves; and, if mere consent be the basis of public authority, then the one individual who withholds his consent not only has a perfect right to do so, but the superior power of the majority can confer no right to impose upon him the rule of force.

Equally with the idea of superior power, therefore, the idea of the "will of the people," considered as mere volition, fails to furnish a defensible foundation for public authority. Either it does not exist at all, or it must be sought elsewhere.

Where, then, shall we seek the true foundation of the State?

Are there any principles by which the individual should be governed, even without his consent? Is there in human experience anything more authoritative than personal impulses and desires, or is there not? If not, there is no firm foundation for the State, and there is none for human character. The strongest group of impulses, whatever they

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may be, will inevitably prevail. But to concede this is to return to the blind, cruel struggle of lust, greed, and the instinct for power out of which, after many wounds, civilization has painfully emerged.

It is, therefore, of prime necessity that we determine the question whether or not there are unalterable principles that should govern or overrule the mere volitions of men, and whether or not these have any relation to the State.

The tendency of our time is, undoubtedly, to weaken belief in unalterable and necessary principles of every kind, and to conceive of life, and even of the entire universe, as a mere process of transformation without definite ends. If this conception of existence be true, then the only ends worth serious consideration are those which are personal to each individual; in short, his own private advantage and temporary happiness. Everything except the sentiments of the personally agreeable or disagreeable being dismissed from consideration, there is no place for universal and authoritative principles. Esthetic conceptions take the place of moral conceptions; and even these are left without standards, the grotesque and the ugly affording a temporary relief to nerves wearied with the monotony of merely symmetrical and harmonious impressions.

It is no new thing to consider the current philosophy of life in relation to the prevailing conception of the State. In every age—in the city-states of Greece, in the Roman Republic, in the Empire, in the rule of Charlemagne, in the formation of the feudal monarchies, and in the development of the modern national states—the dominating philosophy of life has been a molding influence in the shaping of political conceptions; and it may be set down as a law of history that the abandonment of fixed principles has always preceded or been accompanied by the deterioration of the State.

The development of political institutions may be along definite lines of advance toward social justice, or it may deviate from those lines in either of two directions. Where the will of the people takes on the form of a struggle between private and class interests, the result is a condition of political anarchy. When this becomes intolerable some master hand, seizing the reins of power with the approval of those who have suffered most from the conflict of contending interests, undertakes to control the power of the

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State, and the result is despotism. Wherever anarchy becomes dangerously acute, despotism tends to be established; and, as between the chaos of factional strife and the firm rule of a dictator, all the substantial interests of society have little difficulty in deciding upon a choice. They invariably prefer security to liberty, and public order to the pursuit of unrealizable ideals.

It is by considering these deviations that we can most clearly trace the normal course of political development. When exercised in either a popular or a dictatorial manner, *pure will*, undirected by fundamental principles, produces the ruin of the State. The very idea of government implies a restraint placed upon the volitions of men, which are of necessity not only different, but conflicting. The true secret of good government lies in the spirit of self-renunciation; and the word "*self*-government," which we are proud to repeat as a watchword, has no other meaning. It signifies government by self-restraint, as distinguished from government under compulsion. A people that is incapable of renouncing personal and private advantage in the interest of the public good is incapable of self-government, and will sooner or later seek and find a master.

We perceive, then, that the acceptance of universal and authoritative general principles is necessary to the normal development of the State, and that revolt against them is essentially a repudiation of the State-idea. Whence, then, are these principles to be derived?

It is clear that they cannot be derived from the idea of power alone. It is equally clear that they cannot be derived from the merely personal motives from which men act; for these, being of a private character, can have no public authority. The source of authority, if found at all, must, therefore, be sought in something deeper and more worthy of respect than either the mere power to enforce obedience or the merely personal motives of individual men.

Happily, we do not need to go beyond the limits of human personality to find such a source of authority; a source of authority superior not only to the will of individuals, but to the will of majorities. However we may explain its origin, there is in every human being capable of social organization a conception of justice as a principle wholly apart from personal desires or volitions. Attending this conception there is a sentiment of obligation to respect this

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principle, regardless of personal interest or advantage. It is this that renders men fitted for human society, and makes possible the organization of the State as the embodiment of public authority. The State is nothing else than the body of which this principle is the life.

From another point of view the State is the expression of the impersonal reason which constitutes the common background of human personality; for the human person is not merely a group of sensations or the power to know and distinguish these. Nor is the essential element of personality its formal unity, but its intuition of community. An animal is a unit, and it possesses a vague sense of relation to its kind; but a person includes more than this. The indwelling reason, which is the characteristic mark of personality, and is yet other than personality, and transcendent over all the elements which compose the individual as an individual, cannot be resolved into the motives by which personal conduct is actuated. It is in its essential nature regulative and commanding. It speaks with an authority that is not to be found in personal motives, such as impulses and desires. It says to every one in whom it resides, "You ought," or "You ought not."

It is upon this principle that the true conception of the State is founded. It defies mere power, however its pressure may be exerted. It repudiates the control of mere numbers as it rejects the usurpation of one master. It appeals from the mere will even of majorities to the impersonal reason which issues its commands to all.

When men speak without qualification of the "will of the people" as the true source of authority and the rightful lawgiver in the State, they propose an unsound, and even a dangerous, doctrine. When men affirm that the wishes of majorities are the criterion of public action, they offer the people a false light. There are wrongs which majorities may not inflict, and there are rights which they should respect. Majority rule is, after all, merely an exercise of power; and power, as such, is not the true foundation of the State.

Practically, it is true, government is, and must be, conducted in accordance with the popular will; but it is always subject to reproof and correction at the bar of impersonal reason. Men really fitted for self-government will always be ready to accord this right of appeal. Men not yet ripe

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for self-government will instinctively resist it, because they are autocrats at heart. As between the different forms of autocracy, there is slight ground for choice; for the rule of many purely arbitrary masters may be as odious as the rule of one.

Respect for the State depends upon insistence that the right of appeal to the principles of justice, upon which it is founded, should never be withheld from any, even the smallest minority, who feel that they have reason for making that appeal. Free speech, a free press, and freedom from every sort of intimidation are essential to a normal political development. The true patriot must, therefore, be a man without fear. The most important question is the attitude of the citizen toward the State. If the State is, as Hobbes regarded it, a mere "Leviathan"—something to fear rather than something to respect—patriotism becomes a difficult virtue, and may even degenerate into a vice. The adulation of power simply because it is power corrupts the citizen and deteriorates the State. The real patriots are those who are ready to serve it in its moments of weakness, peril, and distress, and to help it forward in accomplishing its high mission as the most potent of all agencies for the social advancement of mankind.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

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REGULATION BY COMMISSION

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN

THE spread of regulation of business by administrative commissions is one of the most marked and important politico-economic developments in the United States in this generation. The policy was first applied by a few States to railways. It has now been adopted as to railways by the Nation and most of the States, and has been extended by several States to public utilities of many kinds. Recently men prominent in business and politics have advocated regulation of large industrial concerns by commissions as a substitute for their regulation, or, rather, dissolution, under the Sherman Act.

The development of the policy of regulation by commission has grown out of the belief that lawmaking bodies, courts, and ordinary executive officials are incompetent to deal with the problems raised by unsatisfactory relations between public utilities and the public. The legislatures cannot deal with these problems intelligently and effectively, because to do so requires a body possessing expert knowledge and in practically continuous session. In both of these respects lawmaking bodies are deficient. The courts cannot satisfactorily deal with these problems because they lack expert knowledge and have many other kinds of business to transact, and because their slow, cumbrous, and formal process excludes classes of evidence which, while logically irrelevant to a lawsuit, are precisely the considerations that would influence a business man in deciding a business proposition. The ordinary executive or law-enforcing officials are incompetent to deal with the problems of regulation because they lack expert knowledge, because they have other and entirely differing duties to perform, and because a regulating body should approach its work in a judicial spirit which is incompatible with the executive spirit by

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which the ordinary law-enforcing officials should be animated.

It long seemed that we must accept either unregulated management of public utilities, with its attendant abuses; or unwise and inefficient regulation by the courts and legislatures; or public ownership. It was out of this confused condition of affairs that there grew up the idea of creating commissions having at once legislative, judicial, and administrative functions, and especially qualified and empowered to deal solely with this problem of public regulation.

Many persons regard the development of the regulating commission with much enthusiasm and optimism. They consider it a great discovery in political science, and think it the best if not the only means by which we can steer clear of both the Scylla of uncontrolled and rapacious private management and the Charybdis of public ownership. The principle underlying regulation of public utilities by commission is sound. But sound principles are valueless without sound practice. Whether our practice will be sound will depend mainly on two things—the personnel of the commissions, and their legal powers.

We have recently given much attention to their powers. We have conferred on many of them very great authority. We have given much less attention to the question of the kind of men who should exercise this authority. But in all political and business affairs the kind of men to whom authority is intrusted is as important as the amount and character of the authority conferred. Capable, public-spirited men will accomplish much more good with small powers than incapable, self-seeking men with large powers. In truth, the greater the powers you give incompetency, especially if it be associated with selfish ambition, the less is the good and the greater the evil it will usually do.

The disqualifications of legislatures, courts, and ordinary executive officials for the regulation of business suggest some of the qualifications that ought to be possessed by the members of regulating commissions. Ability, expert knowledge, fairness in utterance and act, moral courage to resist public opinion when it is wrong, as well as to enforce their duty on refractory public utility managements when they are wrong—these are prime essentials. While some members of our regulating commissions have had the needful quali-

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fications in a high degree, many of them have hardly had them at all. In more cases State commissioners have been elected chiefly because, as politicians and lawyers, they have participated in agitation and litigation against the railways. Such men can hardly be unbiased. Most of the commissioners have been wanting in expert knowledge; many have been without business capacity or professional attainments and ignorant of elementary economic principles.

By what means may we more generally secure for the commissions the sort of men of which they ought to be composed? First, we must pay their members reasonable salaries. We may get able men to serve temporarily in emergencies for inadequate pay; but we cannot long retain capable men in the public service for small compensation. The salaries now paid are usually too low. In New York the salary is fifteen thousand dollars a year, which certainly ought to be ample even there. In a very few States it is five thousand dollars, or a little more. In most of them it is less than this; in some only twelve hundred to fifteen hundred dollars. It is impossible to believe that in a large and important State competent men can be induced to sit long on a commission for less than five thousand dollars to ten thousand dollars. The members of the Interstate Commerce Commission are paid ten thousand dollars. In view of the high qualifications they should possess and the laboriousness and extreme importance of their duties they should be paid more.

Secondly, the kind of men chosen depends largely on the mode of choice. Reason would suggest, and experience shows, that qualified men are more apt to be secured by appointment than election. Occasionally capable men are elected; and frequently unfit men are appointed; but on the whole the appointive commissions are superior in personnel to the elective. The voters have both less fitness and less opportunity to select good men than the Governor of a State or the President of the United States. Almost every one of the shining examples of wholly unfit commissioners is a product of election.

Third, the term of office should be fairly long—certainly not less than four years, and preferably longer. The duties are not only technical, but they relate to a diversity of subjects. Railway commissions now regulate railway traffic, operation, and accounting, and in some States the issuance

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of securities. On railways only the higher executive officers usually have a working knowledge of all the various departments, and most students of railway matters outside of railway service specialize along only one or a few lines. Therefore, a new commissioner, even though formerly a railway officer or a diligent student of railway affairs, is apt to have a knowledge of only one or a few branches of the railway business. As commissions deal with all branches of the business, their members must, if they are to perform all their duties fairly and intelligently, be given long terms so that they may acquire the broad knowledge and experience that the performance of all their duties requires. The members of the Interstate Commerce Commission are appointed for seven years, and we seem now to have definitely adopted the wise practice of repeatedly reappointing those who desire reappointment. The terms of the members of most State commissions are very short; and there are frequent changes in them. When commissions regulate not only railways but all kinds of public utilities, the need for appointing their members for long terms, and profiting by their experience by repeated reappointments, is much greater than when they regulate only railways. There is a general tendency to thus extend the jurisdiction of commissions originally created to regulate railways only.

Finally, the commissioners should be possessed when they are chosen of special knowledge of the businesses they are to regulate. There is a feeling that officers of railways, the most important utilities subjected to regulation, would, if chosen to commissions, be somewhat biased in favor of the railways. That probably would be true in some cases. But surely they are no more apt to be biased in favor of railways than shippers or politicians who have participated in agitations against them are apt to be biased against them; and it is hard to see in what way the one kind of bias is any better or worse than the other.

However, it is not necessary to go to the public utilities themselves for men having some special qualifications for commissioners. In Germany, the "land of damned professors," as Palmerston called it, the government has learned to make good use in public affairs of earnest and intelligent students. No one questions that B. H. Meyer is one of the fairest, ablest, and best-equipped members of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Mr. Meyer formerly

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served on the Wisconsin Commission, and before that was a professor in the University of Wisconsin, where he specialized on transportation.

It is not meant to suggest that we should fill our commissions with university professors, but merely that our commissions would be much strengthened and our policy of regulation much improved if we would put fewer politicians on them, and more men, such as Mr. Meyer, who have devoted themselves to the study of the problem with which regulating bodies must deal. Unfortunately, we have never had much use in public affairs in this country for the man who prefers investigation to guessing and meditation to agitation.

President Hadley, one of the earliest and greatest of academic students of transportation in the United States, years ago pointed out that a railway commission having the right sort of personnel does not need to possess or exercise extensive coercive legal powers in order to be an effective regulating body. The Massachusetts Railroad Commission has never possessed extensive legal powers; yet no commission ever has done work at once more effective and salutary than the Massachusetts Commission did in its early history. This was because it was dominated by Charles Francis Adams, a man having in eminent degree all the qualifications of a great public utility commissioner. As Dr. Hadley has said: " This absence of specific powers was just what Mr. Adams welcomed. It threw the commission back on the power of common sense—which does not seem as strong as statutory power to prosecute people and put them in prison, but which in the hands of a man who possesses it is actually very much stronger." The great influence that a commission may exert while possessing very limited statutory powers is illustrated by the fact that in the long life of the Massachusetts Commission the railways have failed to act in accordance with a formal recommendation made by it in only a single unimportant instance.

However, I am not one of those who now believe in what are called " weak " commissions. I believe in strong commissions—strong in personnel, and strong in the power to compel the managements of public utilities to do what they should when compulsion is necessary. Compulsion would be necessary less frequently if our commissions were uniformly fair and expert; but that it is often necessary there

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is no doubt. But, as the Supreme Court of the United States said in one case, "the public is not a general manager of the railways"; nor is it a general manager of other public utilities. Public utilities are not public property with which the public may legally or equitably do as it pleases. The public may become their general manager by becoming their owner; but it has no right to assert the authority of management until it is prepared to assume the responsibility and bear the expenses of management and ownership. Not only has it no right to do so, but for it to do so would be highly inexpedient. Public management of public utilities under public ownership might succeed. Public regulation of private property may succeed. Public management of private property could not succeed. It would involve divided responsibility in its worst form. There would be incessant struggles between the officers selected to represent the owners, seeking to recover the authority they had lost, and the authorities representing the public, seeking to hold the authority they had gained. Each side would exert itself more to nullify the work of the other than by its own policy to get results. The capital needed for adequate development would not be forthcoming; for the public could not lay it out so long as the ownership was private, and private capitalists would not—probably could not—supply it while the management was public. The resulting conditions would be intolerable, and both the owners of the utilities and the public might throw themselves into the arms of government ownership as the only haven of escape.

Where, then, does the proper jurisdiction of the management end, and that of the regulating commission begin? We shall most accurately trace the line of demarcation if we consider the precise nature of a public utility. A public utility has been defined by the courts as private property affected with a public use. The same meaning has been conveyed when it has been said that a public utility is private property devoted to a public service. The property is as private in its ownership as a farm or store or factory. It is the fact that it is devoted to the service of the public that gives the public a right to regulate it. There are water plants, electric light and power plants, gas plants, and small railroads that are private not only in their ownership, but also in their service; and the public has no more right or power to regulate them than any other strictly private busi-

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ness. It is when, and because, property is devoted to the service of the public, and that thereby there is established a most important relation between its owners and managers and the public, that the right and power of the public to regulate emerges. Continuing to be private in its ownership, its owners retain both the moral and the legal right to manage it as they see fit so long as it renders good service to the public at reasonable rates. It remains the province of the management to perform in the first instance all the functions performed by the management of any business concern —to fix the rates to be charged, to determine the amount and character of the service to be rendered, and to decide how the company's financial necessities shall be provided for. And if the rates fixed are all fair and reasonable, if the service rendered is adequate and good, if the financing is honest and conservative, there is nothing for any regulating body to do.

But experience has shown that the managers of public utilities, being human, are just as good and just as bad as the rest of mankind. There are farmers who put all the large apples at the top of the barrel, and sell impure milk to poison little children. There are merchants who sell short weight. There are manufacturers who underclassify the goods they ship and thereby rob the railways. And there are some managers of public utilities who, having the same human shortcomings as some farmers, some merchants, and some manufacturers, seek to exact excessive rates, to discriminate unfairly in their charges, and to render service that is poor and inadequate. It is to stop and prevent these abuses that regulating bodies are created.

In brief, the proper function of the management is executive in the broadest sense; that of the regulating commission corrective. This is the only rational and practical view of the matter. For no commission exercising regulating authority over numerous utilities can possibly acquire that intimate knowledge of all the conditions and needs of the business of each of them which their managers have, and which is essential to their wise and efficient management; and, therefore, when the commission oversteps the limits of its appropriate field its influence ceases to be intelligent and corrective, and begins to be ignorant, meddlesome, and harmful.

There are several important phases of the business of

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public utilities to which the corrective authority of the regulating commission may, should, and in many cases does, apply. Practically all commissions have considerable, and many large, authority over rate-making. Many persons think commissions should have authority to initiate all rates. But, in the railway business at least, the initiation of rates is plainly a function of management. No commission can possibly know so well what the rates as a whole can and ought to be made as the traffic men of the railways. But the judgment of the traffic men at times goes wrong; they are at times influenced by considerations out of harmony with the rights and interests of the public; and commissions ought to have the power, after full investigation, to order needed changes in the specific rates or schedules of rates which they have investigated. Their authority should include the raising as well as the reducing of rates, for often an unfair discrimination may better be corrected by raising a rate that is too low than by reducing one that is too high. The Interstate Commerce Commission has not power to raise a rate; but some of its principal members, and perhaps all of them, believe it ought to have that power.

Commissions often have been given less authority over physical operation than over rate-making. There seems no sound ground for this. There appears no good reason why they should not have the same authority, after full investigation, to issue orders to correct defects of service as defects in the rate structure. Congress and the State legislatures have been passing numerous laws to regulate the hours of service of railway employees, the number of men in railway train crews, the kind of head-lights that shall be used on locomotives, etc. There is just as much reason why matters such as these should not be regulated by legislatures and why they should be regulated by public-utility commissions as there is why rates should be regulated by the commissions. Regulation of operation, to be fair and beneficial, requires just as thorough investigation, just as much impartiality, and just as much expert knowledge as regulation of rates. Most of the laws for the regulation of railway operation that have been passed recently, such as full-crew laws, and laws to regulate the length of freight-trains, have been passed in the name of safety. But many of them do not seem intended to promote safety, and are not adapted to save a single limb or life. They increase the number of

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men that railways must employ; and their only effect, so far as the public is concerned, is to tend to increase the cost of transportation. The lawmakers have passed many of them either ignorantly or to win votes. A lawmaker who permits himself to be bribed with the votes of labor is not a whit better than one who permits himself to be bribed with the money of capital.

One of the most important matters with which public regulation should deal is the relations between railways and other public utilities and their employees. The Federal Erdman Act, as recently amended by the Newlands Act, creates a mediation board of three members whose duty it is, when a strike or lockout of employees concerned with the operation of trains is threatened on railways, to tender their good offices to prevent a rupture. If mediation fails, the law provides for voluntary arbitration by a board composed of two representatives of the railways, two representatives of the employees, and two representatives of the public. While arbitration under the act is voluntary, proceedings may be brought in a court of equity to enforce the award. This law is an improvement over the original Erdman Act; but it is very defective in some important respects. The controversy between the Eastern railways and their engineers last year was submitted to arbitration by a board composed of five eminent and disinterested citizens—Oscar S. Straus, of New York; Charles R. Van Hise, president of the University of Wisconsin; Frederick N. Judson, of St. Louis; Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews;* and Otto M. Eidlitz, former president of the Building Trades Association of New York—and one representative of the railways, Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio; and one representative of the employees, P. H. Morrissey, formerly head of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. This board, after a thorough investigation, fully discussed in its report the railway labor situation and recommended certain important legislation. Recognizing the great harm to the public that would be caused by a tie-up of the railways and the equal or greater harm that would result from a long series of unreasonable and unjust settlements of labor controversies, the board recommended the creation of national and State wage commissions and the prohibition of strikes and lockouts until after arbitration. Strikes and lockouts on public utilities should, in

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the interest of the public welfare, be prohibited until after arbitration, at least; and each arbitration board should contain a clear majority of representatives of the public. There seems no very good reason why differences between public utilities and their employees should not be settled by the usual regulating commissions. They arbitrate differences between shippers and railways as to how much the shippers shall pay the railways. Why should they not also arbitrate differences between the railways and their employees as to how much the railways shall pay the employees? Is it not best that the same body shall look at both sides of the ledger —that the body that regulates the income of public utilities shall also regulate their outgo?

Regulation by commission often extends to the finances of public utilities, relating to the issuance of securities by them or to the profits they are permitted to earn, or to both. The most thorough and expert investigation of the subject of regulation of security issues ever made was that by the Railroad Securities Commission, of which President Hadley of Yale was chairman, and which rendered its report in 1911. That commission expressed the opinion

> that it is far more important to ascertain just what are the facts concerning the issue of securities and what is actually done with whatever money has in fact been realized from the stock which is issued, than merely to make sure that the par value of the stock was paid in at the time of issue.

It said that if railway rates were materially influenced by the amount of the outstanding securities it would be desirable for securities to be issued under governmental regulation, but it believed

> that the amount and face value of outstanding securities has only an indirect influence on the making of rates, and that it should have little, if any, weight in their regulation. . . . If railroad securities were to be issued only after express authorization of each particular issue by the Interstate Commerce Commission or other governmental agency, it is difficult to see how the government could thereafter escape the moral, if not the legal, obligation to recognize these securities in the regulation of railroad rates. . . . The possible consequences of such a system are too serious to warrant its adoption at the present time.

The Commission therefore confined itself to recommending legislation to require each railway to file with the Interstate Commerce Commission prior to the date of issuance

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of any securities, a full statement of their character and amount; to furnish to the Commission, at such times as it may require, full statements of its financial transactions which the Commission may make public at its discretion; and to compile, for the information of its stockholders, such information and in such form as the Commission may require regarding its financial transactions during the fiscal year, and any interests that its directors may have in any transaction under investigation.

These are eminently wise recommendations; but they have not been acted on by Congress, which seems likely to pass more radical legislation—legislation which will be less wise in proportion as it is more radical. The purpose of regulation of security issues is to prevent over-capitalization of railways, with the evils attributed to it, some of them very real and some fanciful. But before we attempt to prevent over-capitalization it might be well to decide what it is; and few persons agree on a definition of it. A railway like the Chicago Great Western, with a capitalization of eighty-five thousand dollars a mile; gross earnings of eighty-five hundred dollars a mile; net earnings of but twenty-one hundred and twenty-nine dollars a mile, and neither paying nor earning anything on its stock, is obviously over-capitalized. Equally obvious is it that a railway like the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, with gross earnings of forty thousand dollars a mile, net earnings of sixteen thousand dollars a mile, a capitalization of only thirty-three thousand dollars a mile, and paying regular dividends of twenty per cent., and frequently extra dividends, is greatly under-capitalized. Its property could not be reproduced for several times its capitalization. When we leave such extreme examples our definition of over-capitalization, and idea of what should be done about it, become a matter of the point of view. Do we mean by it that securities have been issued as a bonus or sold at a discount? That has been done, and it can be prohibited; but this would seriously interfere with the construction of new, independent railways, which seldom can market any securities at par except bonds, and bonds only when they bear a very high rate of interest or a stock bonus is given with them. Do we mean by over-capitalization security issues in excess of cost? But in few if any cases do we know or can we ascertain the cost of the original construction of

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and the permanent improvements in our railways. Do we mean that capitalization exceeds the present cost of reproducing the railways? Congress has now provided for a valuation of railways by the Interstate Commerce Commission; and perhaps after it is made security issues might be based on it. But it is practically certain that if the cost of reproduction is given preponderant weight in the valuation, as the decisions of the Supreme Court indicate it must be, the valuations of most railways and of the railways as a whole will exceed their capitalization. Would we then authorize the railways whose capitalizations were smaller than their valuations to equalize them by issuing stock dividends? This question of regulating securities is much less simple than many think; and good sense dictates that for the present we should follow the conservative recommendations of the Hadley Commission.

Almost every time an order is issued by a regulating body regarding either rates or operation net earnings are more or less affected. There is a tendency to try to limit the profits of railways and other utilities to what is called a "fair return"; and there is an impression that the courts have held that this is the maximum they may be permitted to have. What the courts have held is not that public utilities may not earn more than a fair return, but that they may not be restricted to less. They have fixed a minimum, but not a maximum limit. What, if anything, a public utility may earn in excess of the so-called "fair return," usually placed at six or seven per cent., is a question for the regulating body to determine, and should be dealt with by it as a matter of public expediency. Public expediency dictates that the return permitted to be earned shall be sufficient to attract enough capital into public utilities to enable them to render good and adequate service; and that efficient management shall be rewarded with larger returns than inefficient management, because if it is not there will soon be no efficient management.

Once the public has created regulating commissions of satisfactory personnel and adequate powers it would seem that it should be content to let them proceed with the performance of their difficult, delicate, and arduous duties without unnecessary and harmful interference. This, however, has seldom been done. The legislatures, after having created the commissions, often have passed laws for the

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regulation of rates and operation against the judgment, and even over the opposition, of the commissions. In some States the people themselves by referendum votes recently have passed laws to regulate matters whose regulation was within the special scope of the commissions' authority. This is contrary to sound principles of regulation by commission. Again, after having adopted special laws for the regulation and control of public utilities, we have applied to them Federal and (in many cases) State anti-trust laws, whose object is to enforce competition. Now, competition in rates, in the ordinary sense, and effective and wholesome public regulation are incompatible. You cannot have competition in, and effective regulation of, railway rates at the same time, any more than you can at the same time ride two horses going rapidly in opposite directions. The main aim of regulation of rates is to prevent unfair discrimination in rates. But competition inevitably leads to discrimination. When railways compete in rates they inevitably compete harder for the business of large shippers than of small shippers. That means secret rates and rebates, which are in violation of the Interstate Commerce Act, the provisions of which the Interstate Commerce Commission exists chiefly to enforce.

The true theory of regulation by commission seems to be this: The management of public utilities should be left in the hands of the owners or those that they choose to represent them. The regulating commissions should be made strong enough in personnel and statutory power to exercise corrective authority over the managements when the acts of the managements are unreasonable and unjust to the public. And such commissions having been created, they should be left free to perform their duties without interference from the public or any public body except the courts, and then only when it can be shown that the commissions have exceeded their constitutional authority in a manner plainly unreasonable and unjust to the concerns over which their jurisdiction extends. The success of regulation probably will be in proportion to the consistency, fairness, and integrity with which we carry out these principles.

Some people think that the courts should have no authority to review and set aside orders of regulating commissions unless they are confiscatory. It has been contended, not only that this ought to be, but that it is the law. The

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making of rates, the Interstate Commerce Commission said, in its annual report for 1911, is a legislative function. "That being so, the discretionary power involved in reaching a conclusion that a particular rate is or is not reasonable for the future, or that a particular discrimination is or is not undue, is a legislative discretion which cannot be reviewed by the courts." The same reasoning would equally limit the power of the courts to review orders regarding service and other matters. The Supreme Court of the United States in a recent decision* has refused to accept this theory. It holds that such authority as the commission has claimed,

> however beneficently exercised in one case, could be injuriously exerted in another; is inconsistent with rational justice, and comes under the Constitution's condemnation of all arbitrary exercise of power.

In other words, the railway or other public utility can always appeal to the courts, not only to determine if an order of a commission is confiscatory, but to determine if it is reasonable and based on substantial evidence. The courts may not annul an order of a commission unless it is plainly unreasonable. But when it is so they must set it aside.

The main principle on which the Government of the United States rests is that it should be a government of laws and not of men; that no one should have his life, liberty, or property taken without the right to be fully apprised of the reason and to appeal to the courts to determine if the taking is just. The doctrine that regulating commissions or other administrative bodies should be given any arbitrary power over public utilities is simply the doctrine that the property rights of the owners of public utilities should not be given the same protection as the property rights of other persons. It is a doctrine that seems inherently wrong and unjust; at least it is one that the Supreme Court has condemned as unconstitutional. On the other hand, the decisions of the courts leave an ample field for administrative regulating commissions to work in and to accomplish all of the great good which, with a suitable personnel and large powers, it is practicable for them to accomplish.

*I. C. C. & U. S. *vs.* L. & N. R. R. Co.

SAMUEL O. DUNN.

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A SCHOLAR'S VIEW OF MR. BRYAN

BY J. KENDRICK KINNEY

If there is a man about whom everything down to this hour has been said, about whom the writers of the inevitable post-obit notices can have nothing to add but some word about what may yet happen, that man must be Mr. Bryan. The account was early written up, and industrious accountants have since been at all times busy making entries, debit and credit, and it would seem that if at any moment all were ended nothing further could be needful but to close the volume—not even the formality of a struck balance, with the double-ruled final lines below.

There is, however, one aspect in which as man, as public man—man so human, so engagingly, so alarmingly flexible, and yet often so surprisingly and so reassuringly inflexible—he may be not unprofitably looked at now again, and with fresh particularity, with perhaps a better understanding and a juster appreciation. And this is upon that side of him which has been supposed to be best understood, has, at any rate, everywhere been taken for granted as the foundation of his wide and still most real popularity—his democracy. A democrat assuredly. His friends and admirers assert it, his enemies charge it, he himself avows it and glories in it. What, then, can be said about it, if one is not to deny it? But is the fact not rather that he is simply more deeply and essentially, in a word, more truly, a democrat than people who hastily and carelessly call him democrat, whether in praise or dispraise, are wont to suppose? What else is to be spelled out of the two chief episodes—if a thing that lingers and smolders, that bursts out over and over afresh, and seems to be ended only to begin over again, can be called an episode—in his still short tenure of his Secretaryship of State; his continuance on the Chautauqua platform; his transference of ambassadorships and foreign

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ministerships from old and tried Excellencies to persons who have offended by being his friends, or persons who have gone wrong, it would seem, not less seriously, by letting him be theirs? Upon the first of these there has been much comment in the newspapers, in some quarters magisterial, awful, reproof administered with a cold severity which no self-respecting public official could encounter without pangs but little less bearable than those of official death. What, a Secretary of State going about in the rôle of barnstormer, playing at one-night stands, preceded by the magic-lantern and followed by the hurdy-gurdy man and his dancing bear! Of the matter of changes in the diplomatic service, a matter newer to notice, not so much so far has been said, but solo voices here and there, if all signs do not fail, will presently be an intermittent chorus.

The merits of these criticisms of one whom even the least friendly seems not to regard as other than an honest public servant are inviting matter for discussion enough. The Secretary has said that he did not find his official salary large enough to meet the expenses of his official life, and that he proposed to make up the deficiency by earning money in honest ways that have long been open and familiar to him, rather than by dipping into his savings. To this it has been answered, on the one hand, by plain people who think only of plain rural requirements, and are very imperfectly informed of the money-consuming demands of high official life, that seventeen thousand dollars, or whatever the sum is, ought to be enough for him, and, on the other hand, by people who know what those demands are, that such an officer takes his office with all its burdens, and, if the emoluments are not enough, he must make them enough out of his own pocket, or step down. That never, oh, never, however openly and honestly, must he earn anything in any such way, even if in his office he has at times nothing to do but sit still in his office chair? Where, then, would be his official dignity? And the honor of his country? He might have argued any kind of case in court for any kind of a client and taken any kind of a fee for it, and no dignity impaired. Or he might have written a trumpery novel and taken his royalties, and the honor of the country would not have suffered. Nay, if the novel had been bad enough to be a "best seller," and the royalties therefrom sufficient, the honor of the country would have been augmented by the glory of the author. But to

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talk worn-out moralities to crowds of Chautauqua yokels, faugh! It was like going out to dinner with the wrong coat on, or like wearing a paper collar, or no collar at all—acts of the deepest dye in a society well advanced in the process of lacquering—ten years, say, or fifteen, or twenty-five.

The criticism of his action in his own particular department, in removing and appointing in the diplomatic service, is a matter about which there might well be an extended discussion, a discussion which, at its widest, would involve the merits of the whole imposing diplomatic system. That, however, is a matter too large to be here opened. Nor is it necessary to go so far, to say what one might well most wish to say especially of the offending Secretary and his reprobated action. It is hardly to be supposed that he holds that system in a regard so slight that he could wish wholly to destroy it. It cannot be supposed that he would proceed quite open-eyed in any manner which he knew, or believed, or had reason to believe, would make it materially or noticeably worse than it has been. It cannot be thought that for no good public reason at all he would take out of the service those officials who know most about it, merely to put in persons who know little or perhaps nothing about it. He is hardly so simple as to see only that here are his good friends and there the good offices, and that the good offices would be good for the good friends, however it might please him to please them. He is not ignorant that the conferment of public office is a public matter upon which a public pretty largely composed of people who are themselves office-seekers is certain to have a vigilant eye, and about which it is certain to have a prompt opinion. And if, in this, he is proceeding in wanton and thoughtless disregard of public opinion, then is he as Secretary a changed man, whose conduct now and hereafter must be judged with no reference to what we have hitherto known of him. The public he has sometimes opposed, with courage and constancy, even where it has been pretty certain that he would be the loser in doing so, but flouted—when ever before now?

If, indeed, one held a brief against the Secretary, and, like the common prosecuting attorney, felt that he must convict or be himself convicted, why, he might say any of these things, and do his best to prove it. So if he were the rampant partisan, religiously bound to see nothing but evil on the other side. But the fair supposition would perhaps

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be that the Secretary has had fair reasons for what he has done—reasons not perhaps conclusive, but reasons, reasonable reasons. It might be supposed that he had in each case really and fairly looked at the incumbent and looked at the candidate, and concluded that, all things considered, a change would improve the public service. But if a more specific, reasonable, not untenable theory of his ground of action were to be sought, in good faith and without prejudice, it might be supposed that he had perceived, or thought he perceived, that the powers of the department, from the necessity of the case somewhat discretionary, had come to be too freely, too loosely, too independently exercised in remote, or imperfectly known and understood, parts of the world, and that it would serve a good purpose to place abroad by degrees a body of men who would be more amenable to central direction and more ready to invoke it; men who, if wanting in experience, would be by so much the less likely to have personal policies and plans to which the government, bound always to make final settlement, sometimes with blood as well as money, ought to be by no means silently, and perhaps secretly, committed.

The course of affairs in Mexico in recent perilous and anxious months may have been to him but a sharper reminder of somewhat similar conditions in many places, conditions in some degree noticeable, and wherever found in some degree objectionable, in some degree dangerous. As to Mexico, it is very possible that there would have been less peril and less anxiety, that there would have been fewer crimes committed for us or for anybody to answer for, and an as yet undisclosed sequel less troublesome to us and to the Mexicans, if our diplomacy there had been from the beginning more effectually directed from Washington, and less determined by the experienced man on the spot, a man who, if not competent in proportion to his experience, was, it would seem, by more than so much more confident and more ready to assume responsibility. Better than such representation, with its involved possibilities of misadventure, better than this, would be the old practice in which the ambassador was a person sent abroad on occasion, specifically instructed as the occasion demanded.

If, indeed, every ambassador were like our good friend, the late Ambassador from England, modest as well as confident, discreet as alert, attentive to his duties, but meddling

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with naught else, not too firm to be wisely pacific, why, then, an ambassador in residence would be most useful in every town in the world. But better nobody, or an obedient nonentity, with a course directed in every detail from home, than a resident official beyond measure self-sufficient, meddlesome, burrowing in affairs that are none of his; passing over his plain duties for the making of history as he thinks it ought to be made, or for the serving of private interests that are, without his assistance, all too well served and too powerful for the public welfare—an official experienced, indeed, but the more ready for all these defaults and miscarriages for that very reason. And a well-meaning Secretary may be excused if he thinks so. Experience may give familiarity with the back stairways and underground passages of diplomatic practice, but these the honest man will not use, the dishonest must not.

But it must still be thought that more potent with the Secretary than aught else, more potent than any mere cold perception of any of these things, has been his innate feeling as a man in his nature democratic. Of course one can never make entirely sure that he knows Mr. Bryan, who in this perhaps only falls into the largest of all categories. One can never make sure that he altogether knows any one, even his most open and intelligible self. But Mr. Bryan especially, a man more warmly liked and more warmly disliked, perhaps, than any other American of his time, good people and wise people, as well as people neither so good nor so wise, dividing about him quite impartially, and apparently upon the same body of qualities, for superficially he is a man more than commonly knowable. But one can hardly be wrong in thinking him a democrat, more even than he himself knows, a democrat in his feeling, through and through, a democrat because he was made so when the clay was on the wheel, and because he cannot help himself.

There are men who perhaps quite honestly think themselves democratic, men who, going a journey, for instance, will, upon occasion, hurry forward to shake the engine-driver by the hand, to thank him for his driving and the fireman for his firing, or perhaps to mount the cab and show the one how to pull the throttle and the other how to handle the shovel, but who, notwithstanding these acts of outward friendliness and freedom, are still aristocrats altogether. They have their houses in town and country, their carriages,

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their automobiles, and riding-horses; they keep their butlers and valets; they have their social set, and are very careful about it; they proceed—in a word, in all ways, they think and they feel, not as men, mere men, but as members of what they in their hearts regard as a superior class or order. In these acts they make no implicit declaration of social equality. They condescend, and mean to condescend. Or they proceed simply with the nonchalant assurance, the easy superiority, of the accustomed master in his dealing with the servant—of one to whom Hodge is Hodge, and is no more to be approached with any shade of the formality that holds, more or less, between equals than is the submissive horse that one is about to bestride.

But, if we mistake not, this is not Mr. Bryan at all. If we understand him, it gives him a wholly genuine pleasure to meet ten miscellaneous, presumably honest, people, and heartily shake their ten right hands. And if they will organize themselves into an audience, it will give him perhaps as much of the same sort of pleasure to improvise a platform and deliver to them a pleasing and edifying little lecture. That is the pleasing way of the man, as natural to him as his breath.

What must be the consequence of bringing such a man, a convinced democrat, a democrat from the heart outward, into the first place in the Department of State? Bring any man of definite convictions, of warm and strong feelings, into controlling relations to a body of men, with power to shape, to create and recreate, and his clear impulse must be to make the body over more or less in his own image, to affect them with his own convictions, to warm them and move them with his own feelings. So of Mr. Bryan. With his democratic convictions, his genuinely democratic feelings and sympathies, he finds himself in relations with a body of men which has become by degrees something resembling a caste, class, or order, a body grown by degrees, and, with the more recent adoption of the notion of permanency in the service, more and more markedly undemocratic, aristocratic. In a sense the diplomatic body *is* a class or order by itself, a class the constituent parts of which act and react only or chiefly upon and among themselves, and are comparatively little influenced by what is moving in the common stream. This is universal plain fact. But the American diplomat, residing abroad, perhaps for the first time,

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brought under the influence of the world-old ideas, ideas in some ways attractive, seductive, ideas of the old order, aristocratic ideas which are always and everywhere hostile to democracy—and for very plain reasons, some of them good reasons. This the Secretary sees, must see. He sees an ambassador yonder, living in a grand house, in a grand street, with no pressing duties of the larger public sort, surrounded by American millionaire duchesses and their millionaire sisters, and by the junior members and hangers-on of the newer aristocracy of the country, occupied, if a person with almost complete leisure can be said to be occupied, himself and his family, with idle and ennuied comings and goings in an idle and ennuied society—dinners and after-dinner speeches (not of the cleverest), dancing parties, card parties, theater parties, garden parties, archery meetings, calls on my lady, calls from his grace or his excellency, and what not—to the end of each empty and wearisome day and beyond. He finds another, if not 'eating cold veal with the Kaiser at Kiel,' then doing as lavishly and as showily as possible, and with all possible aristocratic distinction, the next less magnificent thing. It is not given to every mere mortal to eat cold veal in the imperial presence, but what would you but do what you can? And so on, and so on, there and there and everywhere. Where it is not a return to one form of the old, old foolishness, it is a return to another, and of foolishness there is no end. The more we are changed to the thing democratic the more we are the same old undemocratic thing that the world knew before we began changing.

Time was, not so long ago, when the American representative abroad, not then an ambassador, but a mere minister, was simply a plain citizen of his country specially employed by his countrymen to look after certain of their interests abroad, and after such of themselves as might need the support of their country, and there for the time being housed and domiciled, not in a palace like a prince of the blood, but with an entirely respectable plainness, in quarters perhaps not much finer than those of Karl August's great counselor whom we know as one Goethe, or those of the one-time Secretary of England's great Protector. So modestly roofed and sheltered, or if better, then only in proportion with the times, were our Franklin, our Adamses, our Ticknor, our Bancroft, our Lowell, and many others of qualities that we are proud to remember.

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In those days it was never asked if a man about to be named for a mission had a private fortune which would enable him to support a splendor of living that would make him *persona grata* at the court of a sovereign with a taste for magnificence, a taste which ambassadors and other attachés of his imperial establishment might more prudently take note of. Was he a man, man of honor unadorned and undecorated, with the manly acquirements of statesman and scholar? And time was then that the student at the university, the struggling young musician, the young artist innocently in difficulty, had one strong friend not too far away whose door would be opened to him without any too crushing ceremony. But now—tardy protection might be accorded, perhaps, if the young American were about to be bow-stringed for sitting or not sitting cross-legged somewhere, or to be marched off to Siberia for being blond like a German, but the old ready, unceremonious, loan of the friendly official hand to the plain person in his far-away difficulty—is it not gone as completely as the days of the Pharaohs? The minister was very often, perhaps rather commonly, a human being, but the ambassador!—as we go up do we not come into the region of the inaccessible, where are clouds and mountain-tops, and is not Olympus itself a mountain? How should there be any going up there, or how should any help be coming down—unless, indeed, you have large interests 'in big business,' which the gods must take care of?

The plain, depressing fact is that as we have grown older the service has become markedly less democratic, more aristocratic, and therefore less in harmony with what we once proudly and most justly boasted. And if what has been here said of the Secretary expresses something like the fact about him, it would seem like a reasonable explanation of the changes in the personnel of the service, maugre the new principle of permanency, for which he is held responsible, that he has been actuated, not by the pressing nature of his political debts (if he has any), not by the improper urgency of his personal friendships, not by any old, well-exposed, and long-condemned notion that to the victor belong the spoils, but by a perception of the fact that the service, in its moving principles, its spirit, its temper, has in truth swung wide from all that is most good in democracy—its notion of human brotherhood, its unstinted, hearty, heart-warming,

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mutual helpfulness, the spirit which neither takes in the rich because they are rich, nor excludes the poor because they are poor. It strains none of the evidence, so far as we see, to suppose that he has perceived this change in the spirit of the diplomatic body, and would amend it, as Mr. Daniels has apparently seen the kindred phenomenon in the navy, or perhaps Mr. Garrison in the army. All the old influences are still alive in the world and ready to move in and begin working wherever they find room to move into and to get the old machinery set up.

In these times, and all times here in America, where the politician is ever courting the giver of political power, there is talk enough about 'the people,' enough and much more than enough, consider what it really is: the note of a genuine sincerity is seldom struck. But the ideal of a great, free democracy, a social body in which every voice, even the thinnest and feeblest, has a right to a respectful, or at all events a full and patient, hearing, and in which every man has his equal right to mount in the scale of being—to gather wisdom, to acquire culture, to add virtue to virtue according to his natural capacity—is nevertheless a noble, an ever-inspiring ideal. Whoever will sneer at this as a mere flourish of words—well, perhaps the most we can do for him is to let him sneer, if it comforts him. His deep-down comforts must be few. Let him make the most of them. There are those, and in them is our safety, whose hearts still warm to it.

J. Kendrick Kinney.

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THE RAILROAD MEN AT PANAMA

BY THEODORE P. SHONTS

It was toward the latter part of March, 1905, while on a cruise among the West Indies on board the United States despatch-boat, *Dolphin,* with Senator Hale, of Maine, and Representatives Cannon of Illinois and Meyer of Louisiana, as guests of the late Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy, that I received a cablegram from President Roosevelt asking me to accept the chairmanship of the commission then in process of formation to construct the canal across the Isthmus of Panama. The President's message was delivered on board the *Dolphin* at Guantanamo, our naval station on the southeastern coast of Cuba, and I had time to consider the proposition during the several days that elapsed before we went ashore at Fernandina, Florida, to take train for Washington. Knowing as little about the big project at Panama as any one who kept track of current events at all, I was nevertheless aware that the first commission, of which Rear-Admiral Walker was chairman, had not—to quote Secretary-of-War Taft—"so developed itself into an executive body as to give hope that it might be used successfully as an instrument for carrying on the immense executive burden involved in the construction of the Canal." I recognized the shrewdness and wisdom of the President in choosing a railroad man to shoulder the "executive burden," for, after all, the big problem of the Canal was one of transportation—the moving of the excavated material from the cut to the spill banks, and the moving of sand, rock, cement, and iron to the points for the location of the locks along the route. The engineering problem was one of magnitude rather than complexity. If the project had been to do a similar job in a developed country and a temperate climate, it would have been attended with no especial difficulties;

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the fact that conditions approximating modern development had to be brought into existence in a tropical wilderness two thousand miles from the base of supplies for the work itself and the men performing it, was what made it interesting.

While the acceptance of the President's offer meant material sacrifice, I considered it a patriotic duty to accept, provided only that certain views I held, whereby I believed that I might achieve success, were met. And I own that I felt some pride in being chosen for an important part in a historic enterprise fraught with such enormous potentialities to the entire world and for all time. The views referred to I set forth to Mr. Roosevelt in his office at the White House, the day after my arrival in Washington from Fernandina.

"Mr. President," I said to him, "I have an idea that when you learn the conditions under which I am willing to become chairman of the Isthmian Commission you may withdraw your offer. With a body composed of so many different members with diversified duties that are likely to conflict on occasion, there is bound to be friction so long as responsibility is divided. I should not care to accept the chairmanship of this commission, therefore, unless it is understood that I am to have absolute authority as to both men and measures in the work of the construction of the Canal—subject to your approval, of course."

Mr. Roosevelt's response was characteristic. He rose and threw open the door of his office to the newspaper correspondents, whom he had summoned for the purpose of acquainting them with my decision—provided it should be acceptance of the post he had offered.

"Gentlemen," he said, "allow me to introduce to you the chairman of the Isthmian Commission, who is to have absolute control of the construction of the Panama Canal."

It was a propitious outcome of my acquaintance among railroad officials that I was able to put my hands upon men especially fitted to become heads of the various departments of the Canal work. Following the resignation of John F. Wallace as chief engineer, I had the good fortune in June to secure in his place John F. Stevens. Mr. Stevens had been active in the construction of the Great Northern Railway, and afterward in its operation. He severed his connection with the Rock Island Railroad as vice-president

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in charge of operation to accept the position of chief engineer of the Canal. On his resigning this position, after having succeeded me as chairman of the Isthmian Commission in March, 1907, he became vice-president in charge of operation and maintenance of the New Haven lines, and subsequently president of a railroad constructed by him across the State of Oregon for the Hill system. Mr. Stevens's first assistant at Panama was J. G. Sullivan, who is now chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. David W. Ross, who had been purchasing agent and afterward superintendent of transportation of the Illinois Central Railroad, left the latter position to become head of the Canal's purchasing department, and is at present vice-president of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York. Edward J. Williams, paymaster of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, became disbursing officer on the Isthmus, and up to date has paid out two hundred and fifty million dollars without an error. From the Chicago & Rock Island road, where he was assistant general manager, came W. G. Bierd to take charge as general superintendent of the operation of the Panama Railroad. The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, a part of the Harriman system, contributed its general auditor, E. S. Benson, who assumed control of the accounting department of the Canal construction. W. G. Tubby, for years general storekeeper of the Great Northern Railroad, left that position to perform the same duties at Panama. Jackson Smith, who, as railroad contractor and in other capacities, had had a very extensive experience with construction labor, took charge of the department of labor and quarters. Richard Reid Rogers, who was general counsel to the Isthmian Commission and the Panama Railroad, still holds the latter position, and is also general counsel to the Interborough Rapid Transit Company. W. Leon Pepperman, who had formerly been assistant chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs at Washington, was Chief of the Office of Administration of the Commission, and to-day holds the position of Assistant to the President of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company.

Colonel W. C. Gorgas was at Panama when I became chairman of the Isthmian Commission, and his splendid services as sanitation officer have given him an international reputation. Charles E. Magoon was the Civil Gover-

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nor of the Canal Zone and a member of the Commission. The other members were Mr. Stevens, Rear-Admiral Mordecai T. Endicott of the Navy, General Peter C. Hains, a retired officer of the Army, Colonel Oswald H. Ernst, of the engineer corps of the Army, and Benjamin M. Harrod, all capable and efficient men.

The magnitude of our task did not diminish as we became familiar with details. Our first proposition was the creation of a modern state in a ten by fifty mile stretch of tropical wilderness, scourged by deadly fevers and pestilence, and practically uninhabitable by natives of other climes. Obviously it would be a criminal as well as an uneconomic policy to begin the actual construction of the Canal while conditions were such that the laborer did his work at the peril of his life; and, in spite of the fact that the Fourth Estate of America was unanimous in the view that because we did not at once begin to "make the dirt fly" we were wasting time, we adhered to the determination to render the Isthmus habitable before beginning to dig, rather than bring men there to die.

The Commission was also charged with the making of an investigation as to the respective merits of a sea-level or a lock canal at Panama; with the designing, purchase, and installation of the power and machinery with which the great ditch was to be dug; with the determining of the character of the labor to be employed; and recruiting and carrying it to the Isthmus, and with the rehabilitation of the Panama Railroad, which was an instrument essential to the construction of the Canal.

When the Commission took charge at Panama there were almost as many of the white employees leaving the Isthmus as were coming there. In a recent address before the Oregon Society of Engineers, Mr. Stevens thus describes the situation:

> When I reached Panama in July, 1905, conditions could have been much worse, but they were bad enough. No real start had been made at any effective work on the Canal proper, no adequate organization had been effected, sanitary reforms were really just beginning, little new plant had been provided, and little that was absolutely necessary had been ordered. In the organization that existed no co-operation was apparent, and no systematic plans, as far as I could discover, had been formulated toward the carrying out of the work along the lines promising any degree of success. And—worse than all—over and above, in the diseased imagination of the disjointed force of white employees, hovered the angel of death in

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the shape of yellow fever, a number of cases of which were then prevailing, and from which several deaths had occurred. What many of the intelligent men seemed to expect was an order from Washington to abandon the work and go home. To provide housing for this army, to properly feed, to instil into them faith in the ultimate success of the work, to weed out the faint-hearted and incompetent, to create an organization fitted to undertake the tremendous work, and to fill its ranks with the proper material, was a task of heroic proportions. No one will ever know, no one can realize, the call on mind and body which was made upon a few for weary months while all the necessary preliminary work was being planned and carried forward, and no attempt was or could be made to carry on actual construction until such preliminaries were well in hand. And the only gleams of light and encouragement were the weekly arrivals of newspapers from the States, criticizing and complaining because the dirt was not flying.

In order to make the Canal Zone a place fit to live and work in, there were three fundamental tasks which had to be performed in advance of all others—the thorough sanitation of the Isthmus; the provision of suitable habitations for all classes of employees, from heads of departments to negro laborers; arrangement for a food-supply which would afford to all employees opportunity to obtain meat and vegetables at reasonable cost. When the United States began the work of sanitation there were no systems of water-works, of sewerage, or of drainage on the Isthmus. The people depended for their water largely on unprotected cisterns filled during the rainy season, and on barrels supplied from near-by streams, all breeding-places for mosquitoes. The filth of ages had accumulated around the dwellings and in the streets, undisturbed except when washed away by torrential storms. Pools of stagnant water had existed for years in proximity to dwellings, and insect-breeding swamps lay undrained adjacent to the cities and many of the towns.

Under the direction of Colonel Gorgas thirty-five hundred men were put at work on sanitation. Panama, Colon and the towns, villages, and labor camps in the Canal Zone were fumigated over and over again, at first house by house to stop the spread of the disease, and afterward as units, one city, village, or camp at a time. Yellow fever was extirpated in less than four months, and there has been no return of the disease. In June, 1905, there were sixty-two cases of yellow fever on the Isthmus: in July, forty-two; in August, twenty-seven; in September, six; and in October, the worst month of the year for the disease, three, not one of these

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last among the employees and all originating many miles from the line of the Canal. To understand what was accomplished by our sanitary work it is only necessary to compare the death-rate on the Isthmus during the French occupancy with that after Colonel Gorgas began to "clean up." In August, 1882, the second year of the French occupancy, with a force of nineteen hundred men, the death-rate was one hundred and twelve per thousand. In August, 1905, with a force of twelve thousand men, there were only eight deaths, or two-thirds of a man per thousand. The average daily sick-rate among the employees of the Commission during the ten months from January 1, 1906, to October 31, 1906, was twenty-eight per thousand, which was no higher than might have been expected in an equal number of laborers engaged in construction work in any part of the world. So far as general health conditions were concerned, no stronger evidence of their favorable character may be adduced than the fact that among about six thousand white Americans, including women and children, on the Isthmus during the rainy season of 1906—August, September, and October—there was not a single death from disease.

Within our first four months on the Isthmus we established a hospital system that included a large hospital at Colon, another at Ancon, and a number of smaller hospitals along the line of the Canal. The one at Colon was built on piers over the Atlantic Ocean, and patients there had at all times the benefit of cool and invigorating sea air. The hospital at Ancon was, and is, one of the largest and best-equipped in the world, situated on the hill above Panama and commanding a superb view of mountains and sea. Colonel Gorgas organized a staff of physicians and nurses inferior to none in civilization. President Roosevelt, in a special message to Congress written after his personal inspection of the Isthmus, said of the sanitary work there that "the results have been astounding," and that "the conditions as regards sickness and the death-rate compare favorably with reasonably healthy localities in the United States."

During the railroad men's régime on the Isthmus we converted the city of Panama, which on our arrival was without pavement, sewers or water-supply, into the best-paved, the best-watered, and the best-sewered city in Central America or the northern half of South America. We constructed for

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it a great reservoir with an abundant supply of pure water, and installed for it a fire service that on two occasions has saved the city from destruction. We also constructed for Colon a great reservoir, with a capacity of five hundred and eight million gallons. We paved the main street of Colon with vitrified brick, and raised the surface of other streets and covered them with crushed rock. Before we left the Canal Zone it was as safe a place to visit as most other parts of the world, and much safer than many parts of the United States, so far as danger from disease was concerned. Observance of sanitary laws and regulations was compulsory and rigidly enforced. Whenever an employee of the Commission was discovered with too high a temperature, he was compelled to go to the hospital, whether he wanted to or not. To Colonel Gorgas is due all the praise for the triumph of science over disease on the Isthmus of Panama, but he would not have accomplished the magnificent results achieved there without the active and sympathetic co-operation of the Commission. The United States paid out something like four million dollars in less than a year in the sanitation of the Canal route, and Colonel Gorgas has said that he would not have dared to authorize the expenditure of that great sum on his own initiative.

The problem of labor for the construction of the Canal was almost the paramount one. The clerical forces and skilled artisans were recruited in the United States, though at first some difficulty was experienced in securing the right class of men, owing to the reputation of the Canal Zone as a disease center. To supply the unskilled labor was a far more perplexing task. During the twelve years the French had been operating on the Isthmus, they had depended upon the West-Indian negro for this class of work. We soon found that if the Canal was to be completed within any reasonable limit of time or expense, some other source of obtaining labor must be developed, not only to obtain a better grade and a surer supply, but to eliminate the sense of security the West-Indians possessed in the assurance that they controlled the situation by virtue of a labor monopoly. Agents were sent to Europe, and they succeeded in directing to the Isthmus a stream of Spanish, Italian, and Greek laborers, though the negroes have all along far outnumbered the others. The erection of living-quarters for the employees and supplying them with good food and pure water

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was accomplished during the same period that the sanitation of the Canal Zone was carried on. Employees of every grade, white and black, were given, free of rent, with free lights and fuel, comfortable furnished houses. While many hundreds of these houses, of various classes and capacities, were taken over from the French, all of them had to be rebuilt and made sanitary, and in addition new dwelling-houses and living-quarters, hotels, restaurants, club-houses, schoolhouses, court-houses, post-offices, jails, commissary buildings, fire-engine houses, shops and railway buildings had to be provided. Along the line of the Canal we built a succession of trim villages, containing populations ranging from a few hundred up to five thousand each. At Gatun, the site of the great dam that now holds back the waters of an inland lake one hundred and sixty-five square miles in extent, a village sprang into existence within four months, supplied with pure water and a modern sewerage system. At Culebra, situated upon bluffs overlooking the great cut and surrounded like an amphitheater by the rising slopes of beautiful hills, a town of five thousand inhabitants came into being with its modern sewers and water-supply, on a site that a year and a half before was covered by an impenetrable jungle. Among other towns and villages we constructed along the route of the Canal are Empire, Las Cascadas, and Gorgona, and in every one of these centers of population there is, in addition to the quarters and mess-halls for the employees, a club-house, or recreation building, each with its gymnasium, its reception, card and billiard rooms and its assembly-hall, managed in conjunction with the Young Men's Christian Association by boards of directors selected from among the men themselves.

The food-supply proved a serious corollary of the labor proposition. If we could not feed the men, we could not build the Canal. Owing to the fact that the Panama natives never look beyond their present necessities, no food ever accumulates on the Isthmus, and in the summer of 1905 this disastrous condition was augmented by an almost total failure of the crops for the two preceding years, by the abandonment by agricultural laborers of the farms back in the hills for work on the Canal at better pay for shorter hours, and by quarantine of the port of Panama because of bubonic plague, which prevented the delivery of foodstuffs from neighboring provinces. We were thus brought face to face

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with the problem of feeding twelve thousand men and their families, and our nearest available market was two thousand miles away. We immediately arranged to open local commissary stores at every important labor camp, to provide mess-houses, and to furnish food, both cooked and uncooked, to all employees at cost. Orders were cabled to have our steamers equipped with refrigerating plants; a cold-storage plant was erected at Colon, and refrigerator-cars were purchased for immediate shipment to the Isthmus, thus establishing a line of refrigeration from the markets of the United States to the commissary stations along the line of the Canal. The net result of these efforts was that all employees were afforded opportunity to obtain an abundant supply of wholesome food at reasonable prices. We learned from experience that no price for food was sufficiently small to induce the West-Indian laborers to eat enough to keep them in good physical condition. They were offered cooked food at ten cents per meal, and the uncooked material at a price reduced by the cost of cooking and service. Both plans resulted unsatisfactorily. We even tried giving them uncooked food free; they declined to go to the trouble of cooking it. Next we had it cooked and offered it to them free, when for the first time they ate heartily. The plan was then adopted that is followed in railway and other construction work in this country, and we paid the West-Indians a fixed wage that included three meals per day.

Simultaneously with the sanitation of the Isthmus and the erection of comfortable living-quarters for the employees and the establishment of a refrigerating system to supply them with wholesome food, we reconstructed the Panama Railroad, the most valuable instrument to the construction of the Canal acquired by the United States in its purchase from the French at Panama. However, the modernizing of the road was a tremendous task. It had but a single track, practically no sidings or station buildings, a worn-out telegraph line, no terminals worthy of the name, and motive power and rolling stock that were obsolete twenty years before. Canal and commercial traffic, local and through, were nearly at a standstill; thousands of tons of through freight were piled in cars and warehouses or on the docks, and some of these shipments had lain undisturbed from three months to a year and a half, in many instances even the shipping papers and freight records having been

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lost. Had the docks, wharves, warehouses, terminal yards, locomotives, and cars of the Panama Railroad been in good repair, they would still have been entirely inadequate to handle and care properly for the small commercial business the road was transacting. The existing facilities, poor as they were, were rendered less effective by the entire absence of any mechanical appliances on the docks for receiving or discharging cargo from the steamships. The negro laborer was the only power employed; he was at once the hoisting-machine and traveling-crane. Imagine conditions, then, when the accumulated orders in the States for Canal material began to arrive in large quantities on both sides of the Isthmus! The situation was aggravated while the congestion was at its densest by an increase of fifty per cent. over the year before in the commercial business of the road, and at the moment when we believed that our predicament could not possibly be worse an outbreak of bubonic plague at La Boca resulted in two consecutive quarantines, completely closing that outlet for sixty days. Furthermore, the personnel of the Panama Railroad as it was turned over to us had not been educated on modern lines, and was completely paralyzed when confronted with the onerous conditions caused by the congestion of freight. It was necessary, therefore, to begin at once the construction of new wharves equipped with modern mechanical appliances and of large terminal yards at both ends of the road; of extensive warehouses, of suitable machine shops, and of a modern coal-hoisting plant. New and more powerful locomotives and larger cars were purchased for both passenger and freight service. The personnel of the road was reorganized, and into the more important positions we put experienced, energetic, up-to-date railroad men from the United States, where, indeed, we recruited our entire complement of yard and train masters, superintendents of transportation, train-despatchers, and master mechanics, and an army of conductors, engineers, and switchmen. We double-tracked the road with heavier steel rails, strengthened the bridges to enable them to withstand the weight of our heavier equipment, and in 1907 the line across the Isthmus of Panama was in a condition to bear favorable comparison with the average of the best railroads in North America.

Of course the most important question before the Commission was as to whether the Canal should be of the so-called

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sea-level or the lock type. The Act of Congress which authorized the President to proceed with the construction of the Canal gave him almost unlimited discretion as to details of route, type, and size, the principal limiting clause being that it "shall be of sufficient capacity and depth as shall afford convenient passage for the vessels of the largest tonnage and greatest draft now in use and such as may be reasonably anticipated." The discussion on this question, which was largely one of engineering technicalities, occupied many months, and the decision we arrived at is summarized in the following extract from an address I delivered before the Chamber of Commerce of Atlanta, Georgia, in May, 1906:

> The present Commission believes that the type of canal the people of this country want is the one which will provide adequate and safe passage for the largest vessels now on the seas, or which can be reasonably anticipated, and which can be constructed in the quickest time and at the least cost. It has, therefore, recommended the construction of an eighty-five-foot-level lock canal, for the reasons that, first, in its judgment, "it can be completed for about half the cost, and in about half the time, of the so-called sea-level canal; second, because it will be adequate for all the commerce which can reasonably be expected to seek that route during the next one hundred and fifty years; third, because if the tonnage should increase beyond such expectation it can be enlarged more cheaply and more quickly than the so-called sea-level canal; fourth, because, from the operating point of view, large ships can be put through more safely and more quickly than the so-called sea-level; fifth, because, when the construction is added to the estimated cost of operation, the saving to the Government every year will be two million three hundred and forty thousand dollars; sixth, because, when built, it will be a completed canal, completed in every appointment, for all requirements for generations to come."

It had been agreed between Mr. Roosevelt and myself when I accepted the chairmanship of the Isthmian Commission that I might withdraw from that position, with his sanction, so soon as the construction of the Canal was under full headway. I did not, therefore, sever all my railroad connections, although for two years I devoted my entire physical and mental energies to the problems of the big ditch. My resignation was not handed in until thirty-five thousand men—within five thousand or six thousand of the maximum number employed—were on the Commission's pay-rolls; all the machinery essential to the completion of the Canal, except that for the lock construction, had been designed, constructed, assembled on the Isthmus and put into operation; the more serious difficulties attendant upon in-

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dustrial operations in the torrid zone overcome, and the entire project well under way.

Colonel Goethals's splendid achievement in carrying to what is already practical completion, without setback or delay, without a hitch of any kind or a hint of scandal, the great work of the construction of the Panama Canal, while demonstrating the thoroughness with which the railroad men prepared the way on the Isthmus and the care and precision with which their plans were laid, is one of which the United States Army may well be proud. Incidentally it may be remarked that so wisely considered was the order of President Roosevelt, issued to the Commission of which I was chairman in November, 1905, that it has not since been necessary to amend it in any important particular. The order was as follows:

> The organization shall consist of the Chairman and the following heads of Departments: Chief Engineer, General Counsel, Chief Sanitary Officer, General Purchasing Officer, General Auditor, and Manager of Labor and Quarters. The duties of each shall be as follows:
>
> 1. The Chairman shall have charge of all Departments incident and necessary to the construction of the Canal or any of its accessories.
>
> 2. He shall appoint the heads of the various Departments, subject to the approval of the Commission.
>
> 3. The head of each Department shall report to and receive instructions from the Chairman.

This order, with a subsequent minor amendment, is that of the present organization on the Isthmus, except that there have been changes made in the titles of the heads of departments to conform with military usage. It was this concentration of supreme authority in one man that has enabled Colonel Goethals, as head of the military régime at Panama, to carry on and complete in such manner as to command the wonder and admiration of the world the work planned and begun under the railroad régime, as it enabled me—encouraged by the unfailing support of President Roosevelt and sustained by the loyal and able co-operation of the other members of the Commission and heads of departments—to accomplish such vast results in so short a time.

THEODORE P. SHONTS.

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THE GREAT STAKES IN CHURCH UNITY

BY CALVIN DILL WILSON

Are there any selfish aspects in proposals for church unity? Who would benefit most by it? Would a United Church be a party triumph? Would it exalt the ambitious? Are any leaders aiming to form a church trust? If any proposed plans came to fruition, would the power and wealth of the several churches, as they now exist, fall into the hands of men who are now the leaders of any one branch of the church? Are ecclesiastics ever ambitious? Are any ready to seize the reins of power? Are any ecclesiastical Men on Horseback abroad? Such questions are inevitable, however harsh they may seem, so long as any church party, in discussing measures for the union of the churches, insists upon its own chief tenet, or tenets, as essential to the merger.

It is time that the American people should be awakened to the issues involved, the grosser as well as the spiritual issues. Few subjects so weighty and important to us as a people are now before the public as the future of the churches in our country. This is the affair of all Americans, for it involves the moral and spiritual training of the nation. There is to be a better spiritual condition or a worse. There is to be growing enlightenment and charity or religious confusion or a spiritual tyranny.

There is a tendency to divert attention from our own religious problems to the problems of Christendom at large. The union of Christendom as a whole is another matter. There is no immediate prospect of much being done in that direction. Church union is not in the air of Christendom as a whole, but it is in the air in the United States. It is a live question here. Americans should realize that our concern at present is with our own religious

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problems. We are confronted with proposals and movements for union here at home. What the Greek Church and the Oriental churches and the Roman Church abroad and the Protestant churches in other lands may do or not do does not affect us directly. Moreover, we can produce little effect upon these bodies if we would do so. But all Americans can have some influence on the religious future of our own country.

In America, among the large numbers of people who care for the existence of any church at all, there is profound and wide-spread interest in the future of the churches. The questions in regard to them that emerge are in general these: Are the churches in this land to continue to exist as distinct organizations, with common aims, with the spirit of co-operation and fellowship? Are the several churches to be blended in one great corporation? Are the Protestant churches to become one church, and to exist side by side with the Roman Catholic Church? If the several churches continue to exist as distinct bodies, are they to become more and more democratic in organization and methods? If all the churches are to be amalgamated, is this unified body to become a democracy? Is it to be foreign in pattern and allegiance or American? If the Protestant churches are to be merged, and to exist side by side with the Roman Catholic Church, is the Protestant division to be divergent in form from now existing churches? Is it to be an eclecticism? Is it to be a democracy, a republic, or a monarchy? Our fathers, when repudiating the rule of England, did not import a monarch nor create one, but they framed a government for themselves; will the church or churches of the future be less Oriental and European and more American?

Such questions are in the minds of multitudes of Americans. It seems quite probable that in the effort to find light upon them the subject of Church History will become a very live one, and will need more and more to be studied and mastered. Scientific study of it, without bias, prejudice, or the influence of any ecclesiastical school, will be needed. The American people, as a whole, should know the facts.

In the minds of many excellent people, the ideal of Christian unity means the massing of all Christians in one vast organization, under one form of church government, with one doctrinal system, and with one order of worship. By

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unity they mean uniformity. There are many others who believe uniformity not only impossible but undesirable, and who hold that unity in spirit, in co-operation, and in charity is more vital and important than uniformity.

Happily, there is to-day in this country a vast deal of unity in spirit and in co-operation among the churches. There is less and less of friction, less of interference on mission fields, less multiplication of churches in communities already well-churched. There is little polemic thunder heard from pulpits. To a large extent a Truce of God has been declared between the churches. Movements are under way to unite the churches that belong to the same families, as the Baptists in one, the Lutherans in one, the Methodists in one. There is the great Federation of Churches, whose aim is not uniformity, but co-operation. There are also movements planned and in progress for union of all Protestant churches in one vast church.

There are sincere and earnest people who have the profound conviction that the whole problem of the relations of the several churches is to be successfully solved by absorbing all the other churches into their own church. It is quite possible there are individuals in each church that are of this opinion.

The signs of the times indicate that there will be, in the near future, more and more agitation and discussion, rather than less, on the relations of the several churches to one another. It will be wise, therefore, for the American people, whose moral and spiritual interests are involved, to watch these movements with attention and understanding. It will be advisable for us to look at this matter with keen scrutiny and to realize that there are possibilities of making matters worse instead of better.

In contemplating even the possibility of so great a change among us as the reorganization of the Christian forces of the Republic, or the Protestant forces at least, we as a people should turn upon all suggestions or movements of this kind all the light we can obtain. We should look at them from every point of view, get all the information obtainable, and reason calmly on the facts. We should look at this situation with the same dispassionateness, using our knowledge of human nature and its strong and weak points, as we would upon a question of business or politics.

We should even strip this movement of religious terms

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and look at it as one for massing forces and concentrating wealth. We should even turn upon plans and movements for church unity the fierce light of suspicion, questioning the possible motives of the leaders concerned. When a crime is committed, officers of the law first endeavor to find out who profits by the deed. When even so good a work as the advancement of Christian unity is concerned, it is necessary for the American people to ask, Are there any grosser aspects in these plans?

It may seem needlessly cruel even to appear to arraign the motives of any or all leaders in movements for Christian unity. We do not arraign them. We suggest that the American people should not take for granted that all motives are necessarily sincere and pure. We as a people have not hesitated to investigate the motives and deeds of all sorts of men in politics and in finance. We are especially inclined just now to watch all combinations of power. It is suggested that it is wise to understand what is involved in all proposed movements for church unity.

We should realize clearly that the movements of the present toward church unity, if successful, would mean the centering of vast power and control of great wealth in the hands of church leaders of the dominant party. We do not question the integrity and sincerity of the leaders of the several churches. But we summon history to testify that ecclesiastics are not incapable of being influenced by love of power. We suggest that it would be a great strain on the judgment and character of any man, or any set of men, if the power and wealth of the combined Protestant churches of the United States were placed in their hands.

To bring the significance of this subject fairly before the reader, let us study briefly certain religious statistics provided by the Federal Government.

There are in the continental United States more than thirty-six millions of church members. There are among these, twelve millions of Roman Catholics. There are twenty-four millions of Protestants. These are actual members of the churches; the following of all the churches is, of course, very much larger, probably double. Assume that any one of the existing Protestant churches were able to persuade all the others to be absorbed by it, it is plain that the vast numbers then to be included in that body would mean an enormous increment of power.

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There are now 5,749,838 Methodists in America. Assume that all other Protestants here became Methodists. The Methodists would rise from five millions and a fraction to twenty-four millions. If all became Baptists, the Baptists would rise from 5,662,234 to twenty-four millions. If all became Lutherans, the Lutherans would become from 2,112,494 an army of twenty-four millions. If all became Presbyterians, the Presbyterians would be increased from 1,830,555 to twenty-four millions. If all became Protestant Episcopalians, the Episcopalians would rise from 956,930 to twenty-four millions.

We do not say all these churches are seeking to absorb all others, but certain of the existing churches who insist on their special tenets as terms of union are actually seeking such absorption. Are all leaders of such churches as are prominent in movements for church unity, and who emphasize some one or more of their peculiar tenets as essential for union, blind to the facts as presented by these figures? Does the dream that if their plans are carried out they and their party will be exalted and victorious never enter their minds? If we were treating of worldlings, we would agree without hesitation that any set of men proposing to absorb into their own particular body all these other vast numbers were playing an ambitious game for a great stake. In this great matter the same cold scrutiny of motives should be employed as in any other. The history of the world does not justify the American people in taking for granted that any human beings are above temptation.

Look at this subject from the point of view of the property, the wealth, involved. The total number of organizations of all the churches in the United States is 186,132.

The total value of the property of all the churches is $1,257,575,867.

The value of the property of the Roman Catholic Church in this country is $292,638,787.

Omitting the Roman Catholics from the estimates, if all the Protestants in the United States were to become Methodists, the Methodist property values would rise from $229,150,996 to almost a billion. The Baptist property would rise from $139,842,656 to almost a billion. The Lutheran property would rise from $74,826,389 to almost a billion. The Presbyterian property would rise from $150,189,446 to

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almost a billion. The Protestant Episcopal property would rise from $125,040,498 to almost a billion.

Think of the vast additions to the forces of the Sunday-schools, if any other organization absorbed the 4,472,930 in Methodist Sunday-schools, the 2,808,914 children in Baptist Sunday-schools, the 1,511,175 in Presbyterian Sunday-schools, the 782,786 in Lutheran Sunday-schools, and the 464,351 children in Protestant Episcopal Sunday-schools, not to mention the many millions of children in the Sunday-schools of all the other churches.

When one considers these great numbers in membership and in the Sunday-schools and this vast wealth, one is prepared to be shocked by the self-assertion, self-satisfaction and egotism of any one church that could dream, if any would dream, of offering itself as authorized to absorb all the others. On the face of it, any one church, if there were such, that could entertain for a moment the idea of solving the problems of church unity by such a piece of insolence would be unworthy, by lack of respect for the people, the work, and the rights of other churches, to be considered.

The American people, in considering the future possible changes in their spiritual and moral organizations, should keep clearly before them these facts and beware of any proposals from any quarter that might suggest the monstrous egotism of absorption of all bodies by any one body.

When we consider how dubious are many so-called historic claims, how feeble a reed history is at best to lean upon, how hopelessly divided scholars are upon the problems at issue between various churches, and when we consider that it is under the guise of these debatable claims and questionable proofs any must appear who may offer to absorb all the millions of money and members of the others, one is almost prepared to call any such proposals that might be put forth ecclesiastical highwaymanry. Any who might, under any guise, propose to thus appropriate the results of other men's labors, seek as spoil other men's wealth, are fit objects of suspicion, and the selfishness of their plans should be exposed in the market-place.

Again. Is the Kaiser of Germany an impartial witness as to the "divine right of kings"? There is nothing more natural than that he should believe in this right. It is natural he should wish to strengthen his position in his own mind and in the judgment of as many men as he can

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influence, that, contrary to the general opinion in this era of democracy, he reigns by the will of God. Everybody knows that reason, history, philosophy would fail to shake him in his opinion. Are ecclesiastics, whose positions and powers are vitally related to certain theories of church government, more dispassionate in judgment than the Kaiser? It is not to be anticipated that any leader of any church who is exalted to high place by any theory that accredits his exaltation to divine authority, or to Christ as Founder of the Church, can be able to judge clearly whether or no his theory is actually tenable. We can safely discount all such as prejudiced witnesses.

The American people, who are to take part in forming the church organizations of the future in this country, should keenly scrutinize the motives of any or all who put forward plans for church unity that exalt their advocates. They should ask themselves the question, Are these men claiming a divine right for themselves? Is the point at issue, after all, important to them chiefly because it secures to them a high seat, a superior authority? Would the granting of their claim redound to their glory? Would it put and keep power in their hands? Then their motives are at least open to investigation. We must discount the king pleading for his own divine right.

In instances in which the theory of any church distinctly exalts not only its leaders, but itself, giving it exclusive claims which unchurch all other churches, a large element of selfishness may be suspected. There is an undeniable satisfaction in the minds of many in thinking themselves possessed of something or anything that renders them really or apparently superior to other people. This feeling exists to some extent in the churches. Some rejoice not in "the common faith," but in that which separates them from other Christians, and, in their own view, exalts them.

The American people should insist on democracy in the churches. They should suspect the presence of overgrown selfishness in any or all ecclesiastical bodies that demean their sister organizations to glorify themselves.

The terms in which special claims are put forward as being more historic, Scriptural, primitive, apostolic, true, inclusive, Catholic, should be subjected to thorough analysis. No weight should be allowed to any claim as such. We should not be awed by the terms used. The severest tests

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should be applied. Is the historic claim sound history? Is the Scriptural claim based on enlightened exegesis? Is their apostolicity apostolic in fact or only in name? What is Catholic and what is not Catholic? Are claims based on dubious texts? On questionable traditions? On fragmentary and equivocal passages in the Fathers?

What do secular historians, who write in the scientific spirit, have to say? Do they differ radically in interpretation of facts and in regard to supposed facts themselves from partisan ecclesiastics and their works?

How much deference is due to custom and usage as such? Are we, and future generations, to be bound wholly by what has been? Are we to have the best, according to the enlightenment of a growing world, or are we to carry useless baggage simply because other generations have carried it?

Without mastering such questions and looking clearly into them, we may be in peril of being over-much influenced by words and terms. We should ascertain just what the words and terms mean and what they contain of fact.

Any churches which in their approach to others, to convince, proselyte, or absorb, aim to win by flattering proffers of superior social prestige or wealth or other worldly advantage should be questioned as to motives. Such pleas, if ever made, should repel rather than attract in religious affairs. It should suggest weakness in a cause involving principle and conviction to claim for it social or worldly advantages. We lament the misconception of the Chinaman who, according to the story, asked the missionary who strove to win him to Christianity, "Is there more rice in it?" Any groups of church people who might plead, boastfully, with motives of winning others to their party, "We represent the best people, most social prestige, wealth," should be suspected.

The plans of any groups for church unity should be judged by the present conduct of such advocates. Are these advocates now consistently courteous in their relations with other churches? Do any of these advocates now in practice, while proclaiming theories for a larger unity, cajole and coax individuals and groups from other churches into their own body as it is? Do they practise absorption when they can? Are they now tolerant and charitable in their attitude toward other Christians? Or do they proclaim one thing and practise another? If they now actually spend much energy

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in proselyting from other churches, if they delight in weakening other churches for their own gain, we may rightly judge that behind their theories of a larger unity there really exist the motive and intent to absorb other bodies. Behind the barricades and fortifications flying the flag of Truth we may suspect selfishness.

We must remember that, in case the numerous Protestant churches were to come to a point where they were preparing to amalgamate, in the final arrangements there would be danger that some one party would actually carry its main point. Any one of the several churches could give up many other points and yet retain one or two points which are, after all, their chief ones. We may illustrate by secular governments. Assume that a monarchy and a democracy were considering an agreement as to form of government. A monarchy could give up many points to democracy; it could yield to urgency for a constitutional monarchy, to a merely nominal kingship, call the king a figure-head, perhaps, yet so long as there was a king at all the monarchy would win in the agreement.

It is just so in the disputes among the churches. The party that in an amalgamation should carry its main point of difference would actually triumph. It should be clearly recognized, and never lost sight of in the confusion of discussion, that, as in the above illustration, democracy or monarchy wins if it carries its main point.

The event in regard to the churches would be that, after all the warfare and debate and supposed give-and-take, the result of the amalgamation would be a vast church having as its predominant characteristic the chief characteristic of the party that had seemed to yield much, but had, after all, gained all. This is the actual peril. No array of words, no change of terms, no apparent concessions, should be allowed to keep this fact from being clearly seen.

We may illustrate by the Church of Rome, which is not under discussion in this paper. The Roman Church has arranged with certain groups in the Greek Church that by acknowledging the Pope they could enter the Roman fold while retaining their own liturgy and in fact everything else peculiar to them, except relations to the Greek Patriarch. In this concession to the Uniates, while Rome grants much, it still wins, for acknowledgment of the Pope is its cardinal principle.

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In the plans for church unity there are several of the churches that make the condition of general acceptance of their chief tenet. They begin their plans for unity by stating as acceptable to them the principles on which all orthodox churches are agreed, as the Bible, the Apostles' Creed, and then offer their own peculiar tenet. As Dr. Ward puts it, "They begin with infinity and end in a squirrel hole."

Assume for a moment that the other millions of Christians in this country agree to enter "the squirrel hole," and imagine the triumph of that church party that has gained its point. Imagine the scenes that would follow. Imagine the twenty millions or more of the Protestant Christians of America, people who have been building and supporting churches and sending the Gospel throughout the earth, hosts of the representatives of all that is best in the nation and its history, coming to the feet of the triumphant party, to be readmitted into the Church of Christ by duplicated rites, as if they had never before been fittingly received into the Body of Christ, and thousands of pastors, who are now in the front of the battle, being reordained as if they before had never been real ministers of Christ. Picture it to yourself. Yet that is what would occur if certain of the parties now advocating church unity carried their chief point. Nothing more striking could be fancied than this unless it were the return of all the Protestants of the world to the Roman Catholic Church, or the United States accepting the rule of George the Fifth.

When we consider that such an issue, while improbable, is just what would be if certain claims were allowed, we must realize what this would mean to ambitious men, if any such existed in the victorious party. It is difficult to entirely separate the idea of ambition from any men of any party whose tenets, now insisted on, would lead to such an issue. It is difficult to believe that the significance of any possible victory on their side has not dawned on them. It is difficult to believe they do not see for themselves one of the most striking victories in the history of the Christian Church.

We can conceive a very different situation, one in which all churches throw aside all disputed points and differences, and come together only upon the few cardinal principles of Christianity—a situation in which all would have conceded

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equally, one in which there would be the triumph of no party.

But so long as any party insists on its own characteristic tenet, union, if it comes, means the triumph of that tenet, victory of that party. The rest follows inevitably.

In case any one party should succeed by winning over all the other millions to its chief tenet, and all our Protestant Christians were merged in one vast church, with that peculiar tenet triumphant, could there arise in this land a spiritual tyranny?

It is not probable and yet it is possible. Spiritual tyrannies have been and may be again. Spiritual tyrannies generally have arisen only where there has been concentration of power, or a large portion of it, in any one church, usually an established church. The forming of one vast Protestant church in America would make possible a spiritual tyranny such as could not exist under our present order with numerous independent churches. One church of twenty-four millions, with its following, could, if not guarded against, exercise power for evil such as the several bodies to-day could not if they would.

It is matter of common knowledge that the Greek Church in Russia has exercised tyrannical power for the suppression of religious freedom. Protestant churches have been denied rights within the Russian Empire.

In England, the Establishment has striven many times to suppress the dissenting bodies. The Non-conformists have been persecuted. They have been taxed to support a form of religion contrary to their consciences. They have suffered socially and politically. They have been discriminated against in the chief universities. Only within a very recent period have Non-conformist ministers been allowed to graduate at Cambridge, or to receive honorary degrees. Oxford still denies Non-conformists these rights. In this country we would consider it spiritual tyranny for any church to discriminate in this manner between classes of men.

These statements suggest that a spiritual tyranny is among the possibilities, since such now exists in other lands.

We find in our own republic some clergymen who have little regard for the rights of other pastors. They claim the name Church for themselves alone. They deny the validity of the ordination of all pastors outside their own

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organization. They claim a whole parish for themselves, as if there were no other churches or pastors in their bounds. They invade the congregations of other ministers with proselyting literature and coax members from other flocks into their own. If such an attitude is possible in a free nation, where all churches are on an equal footing, is it not possible that such men, if their party became predominant, would become more and more intolerant?

It is vital to keep in mind that even good men, holy men, are capable of self-deception. America cannot afford to cast in its lot, its spiritual future, with misinterpreted and perverted history, with alien prejudices, with vanities and egotisms in ecclesiastical affairs.

It is useless to urge that this or that form of church government has obtained in most of the churches through many ages. Our fathers did not consider that the vast majority of men have always lived under monarchies. They decided that monarchy is not the best form of government and they founded a republic.

It is clearly to be kept before us that the chief differences among the churches are not doctrinal, but are governmental. The general truths of Christianity are common to all. It is in forms of government the churches most radically differ. In secular governments there are three general forms—the monarchical, the republican, and the democratic. Broadly, these forms are paralleled in the churches, some of which are monarchic, others are republican, and still others are democratic.

In the consideration of any or all movements toward the union of the churches in our land, we cannot too seriously realize that there are at issue great stakes.

CALVIN DILL WILSON.

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THE GOOD COUNSEL

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Ride thou for the crest,
Beauty to thy breast,
Life's alert unrest
Tugging at the bridle-rein!
Now by nothing cowed
Lift above the crowd
Kinder sight than proud,
Humor beating down disdain.

Silvern to thine ear,
Heavenly bells to hear
Ring and ripple clear
Through the clouds of thine ascent,
On this narrow edge
Where but eagles fledge,
Though the thunder's sledge
Crack the lowering firmament.

Pine and mountain-ash
Splintered in that flash?
Bid thine heart abash
Not one whit—nor do thou swerve,
Though beset by wrath,
On the tortuous path
From one fear it hath!
All is planned to test thy nerve.

Is it hard to hold,
Through the numbing cold,
Onward, blithe and bold,

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Relishing the thrills of pain,
Nor with sigh nor groan
Upward to no throne,
For the light alone
In thy soul—that seems to wane?

Yet what wouldst thou here
On this swarming sphere
Save to feed one clear
Light within, as best thou may'st?
Save each day again,
Fresh with strength for ten,
To achieve with men
Through the trials God hath graced?

Holding not aloof,
In thy light's behoof
Daring, showing proof
That good heart is thine and will;
Littleness abhorred;
Wary of reward;
Bidding light afford
Farther light beyond thee still.

Thus, with love for one
And her love alone
More than lip may own,—
Raising her who raiseth thee,—
Strive nor apprehend!
Make thy heart thy friend!
Look beyond the end
For that beauty yet to be!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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ALSO, WHY NOT SAY "YES"?

BY RICHARD T. HOLBROOK

ONE evening years ago a group of travelers, of whom I happened to be one, were discussing languages in the smoking-room of a transatlantic liner. Nearly every one had told some relevant anecdote, or had risked some philological observation, when a Genoese gentleman remarked that one difference he had noticed between the English language and the American language was that, whereas the English say "yes," the Americans say "ya." What astonishment this aroused, if any, and what comments were made, I have forgotten; but the remark itself has stuck to my memory for more than fifteen years and may have led me, during that period, to make a good many careful observations, as well as to develop numerous reflections which seem to me worth recording.

It is curious that the word by which the members of a given nation most commonly *affirm* should so long, so often, and so strongly have impressed even casual observers *not* of that nation. "*J'avé eu bôcoup d'aventures,* oh! yes," says Sir John Rowell, in Maupassant's *La Main,* and in another of his stories, if I remember aright, a band of English tourists repeat their "aoh yes" in chorus, "*tout en mangeant des sandwiches.*" If the lively inhabitants of the Latin Quarter have no more extensive acquaintance with our mother tongue, there are few of them whose vocabulary lacks *plum-pouddingue, my darleeng, goddem,* and *aoh yes,* and the strange Britons who disport themselves in French farces say "aoh yes" every few seconds, but they say "yes"! Six centuries ago, Dante declared that although the ancient idiom of the "Slavonians, Hungarians, Teutons, Saxons, English, and many other nations" . . . had been "drawn off into various vulgar [that is, living] tongues," this alone remained "to almost all of them as a sign of

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their common origin, that almost all of the above-named answer in affirmation, *jo,*" that is, *yo.* Long before his time France had been divided politically as well as linguistically into two great parts called [*le pays de*] *Languedoc* and *Languedoïl,* or *Oc*-land and *Oïl*-land, because in the South men said *oc* for "yes" and in the North *oïl,* now *oui.* For reasons best known to him, the troubadour Bertran de Born dubbed his friend King Richard Lion-heart "*Richard oc e no*" and His Majesty is still called "Richard Yea and Nay." For Dante, Italy is the "fair land where *sì* is heard"—the *bel paese là dove il sì suona*—and in that pit of Hell where he encounters political thieves, one of the devils cries that at Lucca every one's a cheat, except Bonturo; "there, for money of No they make Aye"—"*Del* no, *per li denar, vi si fa* ita"—*ita* being the Lucca form for *sì,* or "yes." So *ita* appears to be included in his scorn!

Now, it is possible, of course, to express affirmation, agreement, or affirmative denial in many ways—for example, by a wink, a smile, a squeeze of the hand, by nodding the head instead of wagging it; but for audible speech most languages possess one or two words, seldom more, by which men mean "yes" and nothing else. Such forms are the national means of affirmation; they are all that is needed in *viva voce* voting or to answer certain questions in courts of law. Every language known to me, save Latin, has some such brief expression, needing no other word to complete it. This expression is familiar to every native and, in the case of the great languages—*die Kultursprachen*—is generally familiar to foreigners as well. Every schoolboy knows that the German (or "Dutch"!) for "yes" is *ja,* and benighted indeed is he or she who has never heard of *oui.* To be sure, a good many Frenchmen occasionally vary the thing by pronouncing it *v'i* or *voui,* and Balzac makes his parvenu barber, César Birotteau, say, "*Ah ouiche! Césarine a bien mis un quatre au bout des Popinot*"; but most Frenchmen get along very well with just *oui,* or *si* in contradiction, though they love *nuances,* and are not in the habit of mangling this or other words.

In England the only common affirmative is "yes," used by high and low; English seamen and our own may still say "Aye, aye, sir," though "yes, sir" is the only form that I have heard, and "aye" or "oh aye" is frequent in the northern counties and in Scotland. "Aye" is never heard

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in the United States, so far as I am aware, except in voting, but various other forms used here are common in English dialects. "Eece" (phonetically, *i:s,* riming with "peace"), a Yorkshire form, generally drawled, I have never heard, and "yis" belongs here only to Irish immigrants; but "ess," a North Devonshire word, is common among our New England villages and figures often in Miss Mary E. Wilkins's observant novels. *E.us* and *yus(s)*, both from English dialects, one hears sometimes. *Yas,* with a "flat" *a* (phonetically, *jæs* or *jæ:s,* if drawled), South Devonshire, is perhaps the commonest affirmative among the "pore whites" and "niggros" in many of our Southern States, and is occasionally employed there by persons of a certain education. A professor, now dead, lecturing one day to a class in law in a New England university, turned to a student from somewhere in Texas and said, "Mr. Pinney"—if that was his name—"Mr. Pinney, suppose A's eaves project so far as to throw their overflowing rainwater over on to B's property and thus ruin his garden; does that constitute a tort?" "Wal, yas, suh," responded the student, "I think it do." For various purely linguistic reasons, this answer created immense hilarity, in which the professor himself, a most courteous and self-controlled gentleman, was forced to join for a moment. Now, as a rule, we laugh only when we are more or less surprised, and the class was undoubtedly taken off its guard; the whole response, delivered with a reflective and softly rising drawl, was full of local color applied in the wrong place; but, in so far as the "yas, suh," is concerned, and possibly the "wal," it was not more dialectal, more provincial, more absurd, if you will, than hundreds of words and pronunciations habitually employed by thousands of New Englanders and others whom even the best models of speech at Harvard or Yale cannot wean, in four years of daily contact, from linguistic peculiarities equally remote from the speech of a Lowell, a Norton, or that of Piccadilly; for between these the difference is but small. "Yas-suh," or "yas, suh," contains "yas," and "yas" is not more "outlandish" than "eh.a," "eh.ah," "eh.aw," "yeh.a," and a dozen variants thereof used daily by millions of people of all ages and classes throughout New York State, New England, and elsewhere—in fact, north, east, west, and south. Presumably, nearly all those

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mature collegians who laughed at Mr. Pinney habitually employed words, phrases, and pronunciations that would seem equally uncouth in Piccadilly, or possibly in those few native spheres whose long-favored residents have been comparatively so true to "standard English speech." Probably most of those students, like their predecessors and successors, pronounced the name of their country nearly or quite without its *i*, probably most of them called their native heath "Noo England," said "back of" for "behind," "off of" for "off," "loaned" for "lent," "t'-mara" for "to-morrow," "I gaht" for "I've got," "sumpn" for "something," "I will" or "will I" for "I shall" or "shall I," and generally substituted "yeh.a," "eh.a," "eh.up," or some other equally provincial form, for "yes." The recognition of the uncouth, as such, depends entirely upon how, when, and where one has happened to be brought up, and, after all, one can have a provincial manner without having a provincial mind, though he who has neither is blessed.

To return to "yes," this ancient compound is not quite obsolete even in the speech of our least educated classes, not even among those millions to whom the question of "good English" never occurs, who are hardly aware of "grammar" once they have "graduated," who speak naturally; but in all cases "yes" leads a precarious life and its place has been largely usurped by numerous other forms, all in daily use, though only one has yet found its way into any dictionary generally accessible, and though only a few are ever quoted.

In every-day speech the most frequent of our affirmatives is "yeh.a," so pronounced that its first syllable rimes with day and that the second is a mere murmured vowel, like the *a* of "idea." The majority of our population use this form "yeh.a" at least ten times as often as "yes." Though ignored by our dictionaries and seldom, if ever, employed by our "realistic" authors in their supposedly "realistic" dialogues, it is the chief American affirmative; it is habitually used by the young and the old, by the refined and the unrefined, by both sexes, by financiers and by professors (including professors of English), by fashionable society and by the "plain people." Being our main and universal affirmative, "yeh.a" is our *oc* or *oïl* and the United States is *Yeh.a*-land, whereas England is *Yes-*

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land. This "yeh.a" appears to be nearly identical in sound with the affirmative regularly employed by our linguistic ancestors in England a thousand and more years ago—namely, "yea," anciently spelled with a *g* (pronounced like initial *y*) and stressed on the *a*, though the stress was long ago shifted back so that the form became "yea" (that is, our present "yeh.a"), which in its turn became the stately "yea" which we pronounce to rime with "nay" and which we regularly find in the Bible or other linguistically archaic books. I once suggested to a fellow-philologist that "yeh.a," with the common variants "yeh.áh" and "yah," might perpetuate by an unbroken oral tradition the Anglo-Saxon "geá," but for reasons not given he forthwith scouted the hypothesis, assuming, I suppose, that "yeh.a" merely happened to resemble the ancient form and that it was due to a mangling of "yes," like "yep."

A German Doctor of Philosophy, who had come to the United States to teach in one of our higher colleges, soon dropped the "yes" he had learned in England and unconsciously adopted the "yeh.a" which he heard used by most of his American colleagues. One day he naturally employed this form in an interview with his president, a lover of pure speech, who said, "Dr. Blank, you must try to improve your English; 'yeh-a,' 'yah,' or whatever it was that you are using, is not English; you should try not to mix German words with English." "That's what I have heard since I've been here." "No, not among cultivated people." "Oh, I beg your pardon, that is the kind I learned it from." "No, cultivated people could never use such an expression; only persons of German parentage." This interlude led to no serious rupture and afforded some amusement to the German's American colleagues, most of whom continued to say "yeh.a," in jest and otherwise, precisely as they had always done.

Evidently, however, Americans do not accept "yeh.a" as their formal affirmative; for if they did, the following experiment would not almost invariably succeed. The next time some one gives you a "yeh.a" (some young lady at "Central," for instance), answer: "I beg pardon, what did you say?" She will be certain to reply, *not* "I said 'yeh.a,'" but "I said 'yes.'" In other words, "yeh.a" has not won social recognition, citizenship, so to speak, and when any one who habitually employs it in speech is made

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conscious of his or her language, he or she will at once turn to "yes." "Yes," naturally, is the form found in letters or in almost all printed matter; for, as all philologists are aware, *patois* is almost never written by those who speak it: witness the Romanic languages, French, Spanish, Italian, which existed for centuries before any one went so far as to write down even a few words of them (the Strasburg oaths, in French, etc., A.D. 842).

In the United States, "yes" is pre-eminently a book word, though it is also scattered somewhat thinly through the conversations of every-day people and is employed habitually by a negligible number of individuals who are both highly cultured and careful of their speech. Furthermore, as compounds or set phrases tend to preserve old forms and old sounds, "yes" regularly occurs in all stock combinations. That is why persons whose habitual affirmative is ordinarily "yeh.a," or "eh.a," "eh.up," "yeh.up," never say "yeh.a, sir," "eh.a, to be sure," "yep, madam," "eh.-up, indeed," or "eh.a, thanks," for example. For the same reason you will always hear, "Well, make up your mind; is it *yes* or *no?* But, "Did she say 'yes'?" Reply, 'Eh.a,' but I guess she didn't mean it." Quite likely, she actually said "m'hm," "eh.a," "eh.ap," "yup," or something of that type, employed constantly in the environment where she happened to have been brought up.

Peruse the comic department of almost any magazine or newspaper and you will be pretty certain to find a dialogue in which somebody says "yep." This monosyllable is customarily put in the mouths of light-hearted tramps, of shop-girls, "bell-hops," atrophied male suburbanites, flippant children of low birth, the implication being that it is not employed by the *élite;* but if it is not, the *élite* must be a very rare breed, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto,* as the poet says, for not a day passes but one can hear persons who enjoy the opportunities of wealth, social prestige, and may-hap "a university education," use this very form with great frequency and without the slightest intention to be humorous or piquant. It is used, as a rule, quite unconsciously, and not by children only, but by serious adults who shun what they would call "slang" and would not like to be held cheap on any account.

"Yes, sir"—a group which in various States, but especially in New England, is occasionally employed as an em-

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phatic exclamation (and without any humorous intent) in addressing girls or women!—" yes, sir," has several striking variants: first, " yes, *sir*," an accentuation as common and as illogical as that in " I hadn't any reason *to* go," or in " He's a married *man*." Then what is " yes, sir-*ee* "? Well, like " no sir-*ee*," it is as characteristically American as " yes, sirrah " is Elizabethan; but that final *ee* is mysterious—possibly a decayed remnant of *ye* or *thee*, possibly nothing but an emphasizing vocalic appendix, like the *o* which cheerful Britons often add to " right."

" Yessir " (popularly so written to indicate that the *s* is not doubled, and that the compound is pronounced rapidly), " yessir," like " nossir," is an expression ascribed by realistic authors to negroes and to other individuals not unduly elegant in their speech. " Yessum," an informal variant of " yes, m'm," which comes, of course, from " yes, m'am," is another strange compound which I once heard quite exceptionally addressed to myself—exceptionally, because my title is " sir " rather than " madam." A very small colored child, whom I happened to encounter one evening as he was issuing from my abode with a basket on his arm, said to me: " Is you Mistoo . . .?" " I am," said I; " have you left my wash?" " Yessum," he responded, in the deep, sweet tones of Africa, and started homeward to his mother, a courtesy-loving widow, as the reader may already have divined. What has become of her helpful offspring would be hard to say, but it is most unlikely that he has turned into a carouser or been lynched, for an habitual observance of merely verbal etiquette tends to sweeten manners and to exercise a soothing influence on persons born amid rude surroundings or barbarously inclined. Many little boys of the plainer sort would have said " yæ," a hideous expression ending with the " flat " *a*, a vowel which never ends a word in the English language; but " yæ " is extremely common, in both senses of that word. However, let us pass to other observations.

Under formal conditions, or amid stately and solemn surroundings, a person who would otherwise say " yep," " yap," " yahp," " ya," " yeh.up," " eh.up," " eh.yup," "eh.a," "eh.ah," "eh.ya," "eh.aw," etc., with hardly ever a " yes " to reveal a remnant of gentle breeding, will almost invariably adopt " yes "; in court, for example, or in taking a husband or wife. Certainly nobody who has attended

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weddings has ever heard bride or groom reply with any affirmative but "yes," and even an uncultivated judge would be likely to reprove any one who should substitute a "yeh.a," a "yep," or some other such form, for the "yes," or "yes, your honor," with which even the most uncouth know enough to respond in court.

Such is the tenacity of tradition! But in our schools of all grades, not less perhaps than in less enlightened surroundings, all the forms thus far quoted, and many others, almost infinitely variegated by changes of vowels, of consonants, and of stress, by jerking and by drawling, by mumbling, chopping, or by the use now of one cripple, now of another, as if they were synonyms intended to convey various shades of meaning, though in reality no difference is either intended or understood—all these, let us note, are so common and have been with us so long that probably not one person in ten thousand has even had it occur to him that they exist; but they do exist, and their existence is not only easy to observe, but it is worth observing. For though this particular word, namely, "yes," is mauled more frequently and more variously than most of our linguistic heritage, the tendency to maul is due to a frame of mind and to an inadequacy of schooling which manifest themselves in many other phases of our national life. Our railways kill at least six times as many people per "passenger mile" as do those of, say, England, though the average and the highest speed of our trains are both less great; we allow at least eight times as many buildings to be burned, by accident and by arson, as any country in Europe; our criminally inclined may not be more numerous than there, but they are more active and safer by far; our slovens and our slatterns are free to scatter their rubbish as they please, so that even our most prosperous towns are usually cluttered with floating paper and other rubbish, dropped with impunity, inoffensive to the majority, and gathered up by fits and starts, or not until the streets look as if they were intended to serve as public dumping-grounds. If a large amount of concordant evidence is largely true, our average tendency is to care more and more for good order and artistic finish; possibly, then, we shall include speech in our programme of things requiring consideration. The time when Americans will have to thumb a dictionary in order to understand (or translate) Thackeray, Stevenson, or Kipling, and, incident-

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ally, every American whose writings we now esteem, is still indefinitely remote; but, wherever our dialect is written or spoken, at its best it varies generally for the worse from the only recognized standards of good English speech. For every professor of English in England our colleges can show a score, but for every individual in our domains who closely conforms in speech and writing to any accepted standard the original home of all English can show a score; not only that, but a degree of correctness which in France, or Norway, or illiterate Spain, would be regarded as commonplace must here be considered exceptional; for, whatever may have been its condition when our dialect was nearer its source, it is now in such a state that those who use their voices correctly, who articulate clearly, and who are able to express their thoughts without frequent recourse to pointless slang, and who in other essentials comply gracefully, as if by nature, with the simplest requirements of standard English, in the broadest meaning of that term, can be invariably set down as persons of extraordinary culture. Since language is the main instrument for expressing thought, it is regrettable that we, as a nation, should be so inclined to impoverish and mar what, at its best, is one of the richest languages in the world, the only language in which at present not less than a hundred million people can converse without serious difficulties and in which millions of educated beings can converse with only a passing sensation of strangeness due to the differentiating influences of many climates and of isolation. As our English is destined to be the only world-language, the only natural medium by which other wholly foreign nations may at some not distant time find it convenient to exchange their ideas and their wares, we have one more good reason for wishing to possess an idiom which besides being thoroughly efficient shall also have conveyed many centuries of culture, rather than something which must be regarded as a parvenu. Whether the new standard of this great dialect is to be created mainly by those whose affirmative is "yes," or mainly by those who affirm otherwise and whose whole speech may be classified thereby, is therefore an important question, important not merely to the few who know something of the past, but, through their conveyance, to the many whose minds have no background other than some small fragment of the "present." RICHARD T. HOLBROOK.

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IN THE WAKE OF THE IDEAL

BY HELEN SARD HUGHES

I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

In this connection we read also Mr. Henry James's comment on one of the Abbey pictures of the grail romance in the Boston Public Library:

"Sir Galahad has become wedded to Blanchefleur, but, sacrificing his earthly love, he leaves her that he may continue the Quest."

Astute psychologist though he usually is, Mr. James sees here only the self-sacrifice of the maiden knight who "renounces finally every human desire" that he may "resume the Quest"—spelled with a capital! But Abbey has seen more. In the picture he shows us Blanchefleur, fair in her wedding robes, the white veil dropping softly about her as she sits, her long dark hair, interwoven with ribbons, in heavy braids over her shoulders, her head slightly bent, her hands folded quietly in her lap, still holding the bridal flowers: the image of sweet submission, an unprotesting sufferer, she does not even turn her head as Galahad, with backward-yearning hand, repels the temptation of her sweet companionship, and, with the light of ascetic ecstasy upon his face, bends toward the door.

The habit has come to us down the centuries—as a part of our medieval heritage—of venerating unreservedly this strength of the pure in heart. We have glorified this faithfulness to a far-off vision, identifying spiritual greatness with this singleness of purpose; we have reverenced as holy this sacrifice of the so-called lower for the higher, in a re-

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nunciation like that of Tennyson's knight. This sort of Pharisaical virtue pleased the moralists of the Victorian period, and we have still gone on canonizing this hero for whom romance has gained its accustomed glory that never was on sea or land.

Yet in terms of the real world, what does this strong ascetic visionary imply? The idealist? The fanatic? The crank? This knight who rides all armed "whate'er betide," is he not often in real life the militant idealist who rides rough-shod over the hopes and fears about him, blinded to the actual by the light of the unattained? Is he not too frequently the Levite who passes by on the other side, not from malice and scorn, perhaps, as we have been taught to believe, but because he too had that habit of musing "on joys that will not cease" which often excludes the consciousness of immediate mortal pain? And as Blanchefleur sits in sad and ineffectual silence, while her knight goes forth to the vision which promises him personal salvation, so many a woman, and not alone in ancient story—stays at her loom while her inspired lord follows the gleam.

This price of the visionary's triumph, vicariously paid, has ever been recorded in literature, with a vividness which reflects one tragic element invariable amid changing times and manners. Sometimes the gleam pursued is a personal ideal, a vision of self-fulfilment. Such was Galahad's in the main. Or the ideal may be a great social vision in which the good of the many is the absorbing object of the idealist's endeavor, leaving him oblivious to the "nameless unremembered acts of kindness and of love." Such idealists of the social vision were the great kings of Celtic romance; Arthur mindful alone of the Table Round, buying his queen by his "great name and his little love" as Morris's Guenevere protests, straining his eyes to perceive the fullness of his great schemes, while

> In her high bower the Queen,
> Working a tapestry, lifted up her head,
> Watch'd her lord pass, and knew not that she sigh'd.

The sin and the sorrow of Guenevere and of Isolt mark the wake of the preoccupied idealism of King Arthur and King Mark.

Thus in the Medieval romance the militant ideal is the possession of the man, while the woman must bow her head,

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and submissively fold her hands or busy them at her loom; or, perchance, she may substitute for such negative suffering the positive pains of sin.

In the day of Elizabeth, the relation of the woman to the masculine ideal changed, partly as a result of political conditions which made the service of the Virgin Queen the object of man's ambition, and partly through the spirit of the Renaissance which set an exalted courtesy as the standard of man's behavior. At this period, then, woman became the object of the Quest, and not a mere incident en route. The Passionate Shepherd was pleading with his Love:

> Come live with me and be my love
> And we will all the pleasures prove
> That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
> Woods or steepy mountains yield.

And it was the lady who looked beyond, distrusting the fleeting joys he offers, spurning his typical inducements—madrigals and posies, "a gown made of the finest wool," "coral clasps and amber studs," and all other promised delights of each May morning—with something of an ascetic's scorn, as she replies:

> But could youth last, and love still breed,
> Had joys no date, nor age no need,
> Then these delights my mind might move
> To live with thee and be thy love.

And finally Spenser's exemplary "gentleman or noble person," fashioned "in virtuous and gentle discipline," illustrated the ideal of the Time: a type of Holiness, not isolated and self-absorbed, but united with Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Courtesy, and Justice in the service of the Faerie Queene.

Under the Puritans in the seventeenth century, a new type of vision, a spirit of other-worldliness, united men and women to some extent in a common Quest. Yet even then, men were made the chief custodians of the heavenly light, and to the fullness of their fanatic zeal the women of their households were often holy sacrifices. We recall reluctantly the hard fate of the daughters of Milton, the measure of whose day-labor was perhaps more exacting than the light supplied. We must pity a bit the wife of the inspired visionary who wrote "A few sighs from Hell, or the Groans of

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a Damned Soul; by that poor and contemptible servant of Jesus Christ, John Bunyan," and who enjoyed the soul satisfaction of Christian martyrdom during twelve industrious years in Bedford Gaol, where he wrote *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* and *Pilgrim's Progress,* while the faithful wife brought up the four children of his first marriage, and labored loyally for the release of her uncompromising lord. We are reminded of his own pilgrim, described as blessed in his escape from earthly ties and burdens:

> So I saw in my Dream, that the Man began to run; now he had not run far from his own door, but his Wife and Children perceiving it, began to cry after him to return: but the Man put his fingers in his Ears and ran on crying, Life, Life, Eternal life, so he looked not behind him, but fled toward the middle of the Plain.

The early eighteenth century was comfortably immune to dizzy raptures. Absorbed in the miracle of man, the age of Pope found man's bliss

> Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
> No power of body or of soul to share,
> But what his nature and his state can bear.

Writing of these exactly proportioned ideals, the poet speaks of man in a generic sense, yet woman he obviously excludes from even this low plane of vision as he assumes to sum up the utilitarian ideals of the sex in his essay on the "Character of Women":

> In men we Various Ruling Passions find;
> In women two almost divide the kind;
> Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,
> The love of Pleasure, or the love of Sway.

But with the rise of Romanticism at the end of the eighteenth century, the sardonic, masculine rationalism of Pope was forced to give way before a new wave of idealism. The revolutionary interest in the individual, the philosophic interest in self, enlisted gradually both men and women in the army of reformers advancing with Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity as the slogan of their Quest.

Early in the nineteenth century we find Shelley writing "Laon and Cyntha," in which, as Mrs. Shelley explains,

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He chose for his hero a youth nourished in dreams of liberty. . . . animated throughout by an ardent love of virtue and a resolution to confer the boons of political and intellectual freedom on his fellow-creatures. He created for this youth a woman such as he delighted to imagine—full of enthusiasm for the same objects; and they both, with will unvanquished and the deepest sense of the justice of their cause, met adversity and death.

This poetic vision of the man and woman riding side by side upon the Quest suggests the spiritual companionship of Shelley and Mary Godwin. In "Alastor," in 1815, he depicted the punishment of a "poet's self-centered seclusion." The futile vigil of the enamoured Arab maiden "who watches his nightly sleep, sleepless herself" is here avenged when the eye of the hapless poet, close to death, pursues in hungry loneliness the evening flight of the swan to its mate. Written a year after Shelley had left England with Mary Godwin, this poem seems to celebrate the human companionship which he had found to be the necessary complement of the Quest, companionship such as he celebrated two years later by the dedicatory stanzas "To Mary—" in "The Revolt of Islam," in the eighth of which he says:

No more alone through the world's wilderness,
Although I trod the path of high intent,
I journeyed now; no more companionless,
Where solitude is like despair, I went.

And in the last:

Thou and I,
Sweet Friend, can look from our tranquillity
Like lamps into the world's tempestuous night,
Two tranquil stars, which clouds are passing by
Which wrapt them from the foundering seaman's sight,
That burn from year to year with unextinguished light.

And yet in the wake of this beautiful idea where Shelley and Mary Godwin unite harmoniously in the quest of liberty and truth, lies the tragedy of Harriet Westbrook, and we cannot recall the victory of their idealism without remembering also the sacrifice by which it was achieved.

The novel of the nineteenth century casts increasing emphasis upon this quest of the ideal and the attendant tragedies in its wake. To the scientific mood of the mid-century, ideals of all kinds were dubious and hypothetical. Gradually the Anglo-Saxon faith in that good which should be-

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come "the final goal of ill" attempted to solve the problem of the unintelligible world on the one hand, by discrediting the personal ideal, which was held too often to exalt one individual at the cost of social neglect, and on the other, by exalting the social ideal, which should mean, theoretically, the submergence of the one for the sake of the many. And so, in addition to the large number of novels of social reform, we have during the last half of the century a number of psychological novels illuminating this pernicious sacrifice to personal idealism, a sacrifice none the less vicious because righteously conceived by the men of vision. For in these books, the vision is still the man's whether he be Sir Austin Feverel, "an anonymous gentleman" who, in the writing of "The Pilgrim's Script," "gave a bruised heart to the world," and in the formulation of a System, himself irretrievably bruised the heart of his son—"with the laughter of Gods in the background"; whether it be Angel Clare, pure and sternly orthodox, sacrificing the tortured soul of Tess to the cold creed of his fathers; whether it be Alexei Alexandrovitch, paying for the protection of his own calm, self-sufficing virtue with the honor of Anna Karenina as he reflects

> that he was not living for this transient life, but for eternity, and that there was peace and love in his heart. But the fact that he had in this transient life made, as it seemed to him, a few trivial mistakes tortured him as though the eternal salvation in which he believed had no existence. But this temptation did not last long, and soon there was re-established once more in Alexei Alexandrovitch's soul the peace and the elevation by virtue of which he could forget what he did not want to remember.

In some cases psychological fiction shows the woman not merely a helpless victim of the ideal, but a voluntary sacrifice to it. In the earlier English novels we find heroines suffering thus deliberately for a conscientious idealism. Such is the protracted sacrifice of Clarissa Harlowe in the middle of the eighteenth century, and of Maggie Tulliver a century later,—the pure in heart who finally forswear the pomps and vanities that they may see God. Then there is the type of woman who is consciously a sacrifice to the social necessities of her class, women such as Thackeray gives us in Ethel Newcome, and such as Mr. Galsworthy presents with deeper implications in *The Patrician*. Here we find again a social idealism dominant, but an ideal now as much

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the fêtish of the woman as the man, bringing in its wake the sacrifice of neighbor and self, regardless of sex.

The last half-century, however, has marked the rise of a new type of self-centered idealism,—a type which has found slight expression in literature as yet. With the extension of opportunities for women in activities more or less remote from the loom and the fireside, there has come the wave of revolt and self-assertion inevitable to the exchange of new ideals for old. In this period of transition we note, then, signs of the woman as the militant visionary and the man the sacrifice, more or less voluntary.

Away back at the beginning of the nineteenth century we feel a hint of the militant woman in Emma, who temporarily forces to her ideals the respectful inhabitants of a provincial village. But Jane Austen was too true a realist to allow one of her sex to maintain for long such supremacy at that early date, and by the close of the volume, the ruling passion of the lady has surrendered pusillanimously to the superiority and calm affection of a country gentleman several years her senior.

In 1879 appeared the first important delineation of the feminine idealist in Ibsen's Nora, the doll-wife who comes to construct an ideal of what she herself would be when adversity pricks the frail bubble of various conventions which she has accepted second-hand. We sympathize with the little wife who has been a victim of mistaken masculine traditions, as she explains:

> And you've always been so kind to me. But our house has been nothing but a play-room. Here I have been your doll-wife, just as at home I used to be papa's doll-child. And the children in their turn have been my dolls. I thought it fun when you played with me, just as the children did when I played with them. That has been our marriage, Torwald.

This is not unlike the sacrifice of Guenevere to Arthur in its beginning. But as the possession and power of the ideal shifts to the woman, our sympathy must shift somewhat to the man, for instinctively we feel the inexorable play and counterplay of vision and sacrifice, as the dialogue proceeds:

> HELMER. Can you forsake your holiest duties in this way?
> NORA. What do you call my holiest duties?
> HELMER. Do you ask that? Your duties to your husband and your children.
> NORA. I have other duties equally sacred.

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Here is the play of Bunyan's Christian and Christiania reversed.

It is this type of feminine idealist that is developing rapidly to-day in numbers and significance, but the type is too new to have found yet adequate expression in literature. In the work of certain contemporary novelists, as in Mr. Wells's *Ann Veronica,* Mr. Herrick's *Together,* and other pictures of "the Restless Sex," we get the super-woman in embryo; but we must go to real life, or to the more immediate journalistic transcripts of real life, to find the florescence of the type. Then, mindful of mankind's legitimate dread of the unreasoning intoxication that comes with too ardent idealism, we can better understand certain aspects of current humor, displayed in the theater and press. Then we can perceive in the feeble jokes of the "funny page," in the heavy facetiousness of the editorial column, in the crude comedy of the vaudeville skit, deriding the henpecked husband of the public-spirited wife, the neglected offspring of the president of the woman's club, the dyspeptic cookery of the college graduate, half-conscious, blundering efforts to expose the sacrifice we instinctively look for in the wake of the ideal.

HELEN SARD HUGHES.

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RUDYARD KIPLING SEEN THROUGH HINDU EYES

BY A. R. SARATH-ROY

"RUDYARD KIPLING is an ingrate."

These words came like a bolt out of the blue. A group of men who nearly dominate thought and life in India were sitting together in a famous Calcutta club. I had chanced to mention Kipling, and a man whose name is well-known in India, spoke out:

"He was born in India; he worked in India, the first employment he got was in India; he attained fame writing about Indian scenes, about the men that lived, worked, became rich in India, with money drawn from the people of India; in short, owing to India his first breath, livelihood, and fame, this man misrepresented, ridiculed, and maligned the people of India, without just cause or provocation. The man as a man is an ingrate; the man as one of the conquering race is without chivalry and manliness when he ridicules a conquered nation.

"As an Englishman, he does not uphold the vaunted chivalry of his race or nation, of his King Arthurs and Launcelots and other Knights about whom English poets sing so often and with such evident pleasure. Further, I believe, if one were to investigate and probe deeply, the very imagination and art of story-telling were developed by his Indian *Ayah*, or nurse, just as the Grimm brothers were trained by the mother to write their fairy-tales."

The last remark requires some elucidation. In India, from time immemorial, it has been the accomplishment, if not the duty, of every Indian nurse to be able to tell tales. They amuse the children in the afternoons and evenings with wonderful stories, simple, imaginative, and full of the elements of human emotions. These tales have been handed down from generation to generation, told and retold with marvelous faithfulness, as to text, in the market-places,

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and on the door-step at eventide, by men and women. Rudyard Kipling, he suspected, heard and subconsciously remembered the tales of his Indian nurse, and in some cases his suspicion is not without foundation.

Such strong terms of expression as quoted above necessitate justification. It is only by carefully following step by step the work and career of a man that we can hope to arrive at a decision from which the taint of prejudice shall be eliminated. Such an endeavor will be made and comment shall not be sparing in frankness.

Rudyard Kipling achieved the popularity of a nation, at the early age of twenty-seven, through his stories of Indian life. Born in India, he served his first apprenticeship in the workshop of literature as a humble but talented subeditor in India, and, writing of the land of his birth and apprenticeship, he gained fame as an author and popularity as a great story-teller.

Everything, with only a few exceptions, that Kipling has written of worth and of immortal fame has been about India. He writes stories of soldier life, but those soldiers lived and perpetrated their rough jokes in India; in India they fitfully yearned for the hills of Yorkshire and the chimes of the Bow Bells; and for India they longed with so much wistfulness when they returned to their native land —"Home" as they called it out in India. Those devil-may-care lads, for whom we have, in spite of their "deviltry," so much sympathy, were all Indianized souls. Born in England, their love for home had become a sacred conventionality; but they lived and enjoyed living in the land of their work—India.

Was it not on an Indian mountainside, with his heavy jowl buried in the dry autumn leaves, that the hulky, big-boned Yorkshireman broke into the poetry of grief, mourning for the loss of an English lassie he knew not was dead or living? Did not the great Mulvaney celebrate his reincarnation dancing in the Indian moonlight? And was it not a veteran of the Indian service that yearned, "Ship me somewhere East of Suez"?

The touching tales of the lives of his countrymen are of those who have labored and toiled away the best part of their prime under the scorching skies of the great Indian Empire. Kim won his spurs in the secret service of India in the company of Indians—and Strickland, his bride, dis-

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guised as an Indian groom. Spurstow watched his companion succumb to the call of the Beyond at the end of a pioneer line in India, isolated far away from civilization.

He describes Indian scenes with the hand of a master, and his pictures are full of realistic and interesting details carefully, artistically, and beautifully wrought. They are so vivid and true to life that the black letters of the pages are transformed into the landscape he writes about. With a bounding sense of joy one recognizes the old landmarks and the trees and the roads and the hills and their setting as one reads of them. Kipling has done justice to Indian scenery, but to nothing else Indian. Take, for instance, this description of an Indian night:

> Over our heads burned the beautiful Indian stars, which were not all pricked in one plane, but, preserving an orderly perspective, draw the eyes through the velvet darkness of the void up to the barred doors of Heaven itself. The earth was a gray shadow more unreal than the sky. We could hear her breathing lightly in the pauses between the howling of the jackals, and the fitful mutter of musketry fire leagues away to the left. A native woman in some unseen hut began to sing, the mail-train thundered past on its way to Delhi, and a roosting crow cawed drowsily. Then there was a belt-loosening silence about the fires, and the even breathing of the crowded earth took up the story.

What could be more beautiful or truer to nature! This is as it is in India. The jackals howl, the mail—*i.e.* express—train thunders past, the woman croons a lullaby, and the crow caws drowsily. Then there is a silence—"a belt-loosening silence." And who has once heard the hum of the earth or the "breathing of the earth"—as Kipling calls it—gliding its creeping, soothing theme into the somnolent harmony of the Indian night can never forget it. The picture is perfect.

What a pity that Kipling does not describe more scenes that he has witnessed! He could have described scenes of Indian life that continually passed under his notice. He might have entered the massive palaces of pompous Rajahs and the humble home of the poverty-stricken peasant and told us in his wonderful language what he saw there. Instead he has spoken indifferently of what he heard. Kipling had such great opportunities! Had he taken them he could have shown India to all the world as never a book of travel, with all its colored photographs unfolded to a reader. Then, perhaps, he would not have ridiculed the native he

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never understood. But he saw through other peoples eyes, and he wanted to extol his people at the expense of India.

Legends he has taken and made coin of them. Shakespeare made a hero out of a pirate; Kipling has made legends out of whispers, and those legends read with an indescribable fascination, and possess to a trembling imagination the weird uncanniness of a tale of Edgar Allan Poe without its horrible discomfort. What stories could possess these qualities better or to a greater extent than " The Strange Ride of Marrowbie Jukes " or " Beyond the Pale " or " In The House of Suddhoo "! The uncanny setting, the agonizing suspense of the mute, unbreakable silence. The village of the Dead! Think of the wristless arms thrust through the bars of a window in a dark night! The horror of it! Again, " In The House of Suddhoo " the magic scene is as good as any that can be witnessed on the stage with all its elaborate paraphernalia. How cleverly the tales and effects of superstition and ignorance are told! They are all masterpieces of imaginative construction. All this has been built out of undefined and indefinite whispers. In that country, where news travels so mysteriously and with such incredible speed, there are many rumors, many tales, often not fully told, just darkly hinted, and no one knows where they originated—in fact, or in the fevered, fervid imagination of some agonized, heat-crazed brain—they just float in a heavy, surcharged atmosphere—no one knows or can know the truth of them. From such materials Kipling has made readable, fascinating stories. He has given body to undefinable shapes; he has materialized the ethereal. It was a wonderful work! But he has used the mother's milk to mix poison for the babe.

For instance, again, take the story of Kim. The character of Kim has been treated in a similar way to that of Hamlet. According to Mr. Lord, the editor of a Darjeeling newspaper, the *Pall Mall,* Kim is no other than Tim Doolan, Jr. Shortly after the so-called Indian Mutiny of 1857, a company of British soldiers were garrisoned on the dreary, sunless heights of Seneshall, a peak of the Himalayas, not far from Darjeeling. There the sun shines on an average of three days a year, and there a romantic Irish sergeant fell in love with a beautiful Tibetan girl. The sergeant's name was Tim Doolan. He eloped with the Tibetan beauty and crossed the frontier to live with her people on the

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borderland. Nothing more was heard of Sergeant Doolan for another twenty years, when his son, Tim Doolan, Jr., was arrested in the market-place in Darjeeling for murder. Young Doolan was very fair in complexion, with blue Irish eyes and red hair, although he spoke only Tibetan. The British authorities looked him over suspiciously and wondered at the Irish type and Irish name. Later, papers belonging to Tim Doolan, the sergeant, establishing the origin and identity of the son, were found on the accused, who, like Kim, valued the papers as a charm. The sergeant's rifle and side-arms were also found afterward in Doolan's hut. The half-caste son was executed for murder. The story is well known all over India, and from such frail material Kipling created Kim.

The old gentleman in the Lahore Museum is, without doubt, no other than Kipling's father, who was the curator of that institution for many years.

Strickland and the Colonel have their prototypes in the history of governmental work in India. The exploits of Major Keene, who was intrusted with the guardianship of the Prince of Wales, the late King Edward VII. of England, then on a visit to India, vie with those of Strickland. Major Keene is most probably the Strickland of Kipling. He knew Indian life as very few Europeans do, and was greatly feared by the criminal classes.

But Kipling is *not* an authority on India, or things Indian. He is only a writer of the life of foreigners in India—not of Indian life. He has not written about the Indian or about his living and thinking. Sometimes, indeed, he records the conversation of the servant with his master, that affords a passing glimpse into the life and thought of those menials; but their standard cannot be taken as that of the nation. If not for the reason that the servant is apt to hide or disguise his true self before the presence of his master, which is especially likely in that country where the gulf between the two is so wide, for the simple fact the social tiers are so sharply defined and the distance between each succeeding plane so immense. Kipling writes of the lives of his countrymen toiling under the parching Indian sun, chafing under the discomforts of un-Europeanized life and longing for the fogs of London and to be on Greenhow Hill. Of their life he may be or is an authority and depicts it well, even though his pictures frequently are

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exaggerated. He speaks with eloquence and interest of their lives, but the pictures he paints in words contain lights and shadows brighter and darker than they are in actuality. Had Kipling used his own powers of observation, he would have painted other pictures truer to life. But he is rather an attentive and a too credulous listener and a clever reproducer than a recorder of personal observations. What Kipling heard through his ears came out through his finger ends. Yes, he can observe, but he prefers to listen.

In describing the native, Kipling evidences all the virus and prejudices of his countrymen. He considers the Bengalee a coward, because that vegetarian gentleman is peace-loving and anxious to avoid "trouble," as Mulvaney puts it. Centuries of Hindu philosophy, of Hindu religion, and Hindu civilization have cast his mind into the mold of Peace. Also his food and the hot climate are not conducive to give his physical and mental propensities a bent toward aggressiveness and fighting. The Bengalee may not possess a spontaneous physical courage, but he commands a mental or moral courage that can enforce a physical courage, as late developments have proved. This mental courage does not make him less a man or a person unworthy of respect. This Kipling overlooks. Nor is his ridicule original. Englishmen for many years have been making fun of the courage of the Bengalee, and Kipling just swims with the current.

Then, again, the Indian is always represented as an inferior person to an Englishman, whether that Englishman be civilian of the Indian Civil Service, or a ruffian of the class of Tommy Atkins. Nowhere does one find conversations between natives, so there is no data for comparison. Nor, indeed, is there one bit of serious conversation between an Indian and a European that is characteristic of anything other than the peculiarities of the former's mode of expression in a borrowed language. The Lama in Kim can scarcely be regarded as typical of the Indian. He is a lovable scholar of ancient lore, he lives in the past and is full of rustic ignorance, which keeps him in a continual state of wondering at all he sees in the great world outside of his monastery, situated on the spur of the Himalayas, beyond the frontier of British influence. The Bengalee agent of the Secret Service never speaks his mind. He is in a perpetual disguise. He has an ambition, but it is that

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of a scholar and shares it with his chief, an Englishman. The rest of his native characters are mostly ignorant servants, who address their English masters as "Heaven-born"—a style of address that is not so common as Kipling would like us to believe. Even when used, it has no more significance than the *Gnadiger Herr* of the urbane German salesman.

He weaves into their talk all kinds of ignorant superstitions, and through it all runs a vein of cheap philosophic jargon, which he would have us believe as the ideals of Hindu philosophy and fatalism and as peculiarly Indian. Wonderful must it be when we find illiterate servants applying the intricate theories and high ideals of any philosophy to their daily life and action in all its pristine and intense purity.

In *Naulaka* Kipling analyzes the mind of the Indian, but there is nothing very characteristic about it. Sitabhai, the Gipsy Queen, might just as well be European as of any other country. She is an extraordinary type, closely related to the Medicis and the Borgias, or any other strong-willed, fearless, unscrupulous, intriguing woman with power, influence, and money to support her diabolical machinations. The Rajah is perhaps more Indian; but even there his unenviable qualities are portrayed, and one finds nothing in his character to arouse sympathy, except his rugged soldiery and open wickedness. His ruggedness and strength call forth admiration, as they would in any man, but the question is, Is the Maharajah a *typical* Indian King? Are all the kings of India so ferocious, so unscrupulous, so savage, so despotic, and so intemperate! It is hard to believe it when one studies the history of India with an impartial mind, or when one comes into intimate contact with Indian kings.

It is unfortunate that Kipling so persistently and monotonously depicts only the evil aspects of Indian character. Had he relieved it with a picture of the brighter and cleaner side, he might have been considered an impartial and thoughtful critic, and perhaps, with greater truth, assume the position of a reliable authority.

In only one little story, "Without Benefit of Clergy," he passes on the screen a happier picture, happy in spite of its sad *finale*. There Kipling surpasses himself and exacts admiration as a skilful analyzer of human character.

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In it he forgets the prejudices of race, in the love of a wife and mother; in it he approaches nearer than ever the comprehension of the universal sameness of human nature, the sameness that makes Shakespeare and Goethe applicable to any race in any part of the world and in any state of civilization. Perhaps in no other story or work of Kipling's a nearer or truer view of the inside of an Indian home is accorded to the reader than in this little pathetic tale of idyllic conjugal love, that wedges so beautifully into a maternal love, full of motherly anxiety, doubts, hopes; the anxieties and hopes of a faithful and trusting mistress, who fain would be a legitimate wife for the sake of a bastard son. It is not a view of a real Indian home; the setting is too unnatural and insecure, but it is a fairly close glimpse.

Kipling's worst fault is that he exaggerates the hardships and responsibilities of his fellow-countrymen toiling in the labor of empire-building, or as mere parts of the great machinery of government. The dangers of climate and the sun, of disease, poison, and intrigue, are exaggerated. The want of cultured conversation, of amusement, of the refinement of music, of the delicate touches of womanly hands, is among the greatest hardships endured by the young European, and one can well sympathize with them. The untended death is also pathetic, but people do not die so suddenly nor are they out of complete touch with civilization for long periods of time, except in very rare cases. The use of poison for the undoing of a foe, though much commoner than in Europe, is not practised so generally as to be a menace to society or to be feared in the ordinary course of life. The dagger and the stiletto are commoner weapons in Italy and Spain than poison in India. That Kipling has enhanced these dangers and hardships so abnormally is easy to understand, nay, to be expected from so enthusiastic an imperialist, and one who saw and observed with the inexperienced impulsiveness of youth, an age when the true value of things are magnified or minimized unnaturally. He saw the greatness of the empire and the magnitude of the work and enterprise—one of the oldest and most fertile countries of the world, containing a population of over three hundred million souls, held together and ruled by a mere handful of men—not more than seventy thousand! A stupendous undertaking!

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Kipling is a keen observer of men and things, but the greatest genius could never learn to know the people of India in six short years. While talking to an aged missionary, who has spent the better part of half a century among the natives of Hindustan, I asked, "What do you think of Kipling?"

"Ah, well," replied the old man, "he writes well, and I like to read his stories, but he knows nothing about India. I have met many boys who think they know all about that wonderful country after they have lived in it for a few years; but after the sun has browned and parched their skins steadily for twenty-five years they shake their heads and say: 'I don't know it. I do not know it.'"

"Do you know it?" I impertinently asked.

The old man's eye searched the further corner of the room, as if examining the accumulated knowledge of many years' experience, and then, after a moment's silence, said slowly: "No; I have lived only forty-five years in India. No, I do not know it."

The relative values that Kipling has placed on the white man and the brown man, between the Englishman and the Hindu, is translucently exposed in the poem, "The White Man's Burden." The poem is good, splendidly good. How good it is can be best measured by the amount of adverse criticism it aroused. Unless a thing is so much out of the commonplace that it halts the attention of numbers, it is not worth criticism, and seldom finds a stubbled path on its course to ultimate and speedy oblivion. "The White Man's Burden" aroused a storm of bitter criticism and howling appreciation. Within a few days of its publication, journalists on the staff of country periodicals with a reputation for verse, amateur poets, poetasters, and would-be poetasters had written replies, imitations, and parodies in rhythmic foot. Even Labouchere wrote a reply. The poem was a stirring success. It did not seem right, somehow, to minds that groped in the ethics of a more expansive humanity. Kipling reduced it all to the focus of insular ethics. It was a great achievement. An excuse as magnificent and immortal as any discovery, invention, or Plato's name:

> And if by chance ye falter,
> Or lay along the course,
> If, as the blood flows freely,
> Ye feel some slight remorse,

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Hie ye to Rudyard Kipling,
Imperialism's prop,
And bid him, for your comfort,
Turn on his jingo stop.

Kipling achieved more. Not only did he invent an excuse, he sounded an inspiring war-note. He filled the young blood with the germ of a complicated disease—the brown man—subduing, civilization-carrying, and empire-building fever. At the same time, he inoculated them with a comatose conscience, which is equivalent to the sleeping-sickness disease in the life of ethics and humanity. Kipling made himself immortal.

There is the pose, as at the Death of Goethe's Faust, of surveying great work done, an empire built, prosperity introduced into uncultivated lands, and learning to an ignorant populace. Just another note is struck to create a proper setting to this satisfied and tired pose, that of a certain amount of bitterness caused by ingratitude and injured virtue. The ground was prepared for this added note a year before in "Kitchener's School," where the mad virtue of England is extolled by a thankful and wondering survivor of the marvelous and murderous system of philanthropy.

Knowing that ye are forfeit by battle, and have no right to live,
He begs for money to bring you learning—and all the English give.

The survivor is astonished at the unthinkable virtue, and soliloquizes:

It is their treasure—it is their pleasure—thus are their hearts inclined:
For Allah created the English mad—the maddest of all mankind!

Is Rudyard Kipling really so simple as to think that the conquered are grateful to the conqueror? Does he know human nature so ill as to believe a man loves the killer of his kith and kin? Like Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, Kitchener's Omdurman marked a new epoch of cruelty. One hundred thousand were coolly shot down before those brave Arabs reached the English lines. These lines are an epilogue to the Battle of Omdurman, *spoken by an Arab!*

The storm of discontent was already brewing in India when the poem was published, and Kipling knew of it. The Indian feels that this is misrepresentation, and he is not guilty of ingratitude. Why?—that question is irrelevant here.

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Kipling is not popular with the people in whose land he was born, and about whom he gives so much unreliable and unworthy information. His style and his stories arouse as ready an interest among Indian readers as they do in England or America, but it cannot be expected that he should be personally liked or admired, aside from his entity as a writer, by people whom he has so grossly misrepresented in the greater number of instances, and whom he despises or ridicules so openly. His attitude admits of a very simple explanation. He does not know the Indian. He knows the Anglo-Indian, something of the machinery of the Indian Government, the ways the strings of the Indian Service are pulled, the men and women in that Service, and the stories of their lives, but that is all that Rudyard Kipling knows about India and the Indian. It is a false impression, that because Kipling was born in India and lived there for a short time he consequently knows all about that country. True, he was born in Bombay, and as an infant child even mispronounced the Indian language—or that dialect with which he was familiar—but he left the land of his birth at the tender age of six and did not return to it till he was about to take leave of his "teens." And then he remained only six years in the country.

Only for his art as a great story-teller can Kipling ever be tolerated in India, for in his pride of race and ignorance he has wronged a great nation by not placing it before an unknown public in the best and truest light. Bret Harte wronged a section of a country and a portion of a nation and he was roundly taken to task. Kipling has misrepresented a continent and outraged a nation of over three hundred million units, and must he never be censured? Even for the sake of art and literature may the Truth be perverted or a whole nation maligned?

A. R. Sarath-Roy.

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THE AWAKENING

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

Is it not in *Alice in Wonderland* that some emphatic creature suggests that if he repeat a thing often enough it is true? So in the world about us when we hear things repeated so often that they seem to be in the air we breathe, we begin to realize that they stand for some actual fact in life. Nowadays we hear it repeated, on all sides, that there is the feeling of dawn in the air; of being at the beginning of a new era. As at the close of the nineteenth century there was a sense of decadence and of finalities, so there is about us now a new life, new standards, new beginnings. It is an age of the transvaluation of values, and more traditions are swept away, more reforms undertaken, more changes welcomed than in any age of history before.

Change is the sign of vitality, and we are facing changes every hour. We are clear-eyed and buoyant. There is no evil we do not face, and face hopeful of its destruction. We are recreating life with a vigor, a fearlessness, an intensity of purpose never before seen in the history of civilization. Not the French Revolution itself was a greater upheaval than the peaceful, straightforward, thoroughgoing reforms of to-day. Whereas violence was the mark of that revolution, seriousness is the insignia upon the up-breaking of to-day. We have ceased to regard resignation as a virtue and we no longer accept the inevitable. The fact is that, apart from death itself, men are beginning to feel that there is no inevitable. Indeed, President Eliot tells us the attitude toward death itself is changing. We feel young and buoyant and capable. To adjust the little matters of capital and labor, of marriage and divorce, of public and private morals, of business honor and social justice, is a serious but entirely hopeful undertaking.

Since, too, every step in progress begins by challenging

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the validity of existing conditions and conceptions, and since progress depends absolutely upon accepting no stage of civilization as final and crystallized, the facts of life, social, moral, and intellectual, are thrown before the public as never before. Nothing is final and nothing is to be kept secret.

Long ago W. K. Clifford pointed out the dangers in the crystallization of racial customs:

"If we consider that a race, in proportion as it is plastic and capable of change, may be regarded as young and vigorous, while a race which is fixed, persistent in form, unable to change, is as surely effete, worn out, in peril of extinction, we shall see, I think, the immense importance to a nation of checking the growth of conventionalities. It is quite possible for conventional rules of action and conventional habits of thought to get such power that progress is impossible and the nation only fit to be improved away. In the face of such a danger, adds this witty scientist, '*it is not right to be proper.*'"

It is such dangers as this that modern life is apparently delivered from. Nowhere is the change more noticeable than upon the stage. The appeal of the stage being to the widest possible level of thinkers, it is usually the last institution to throw open its doors to new ideas because its verdicts never come from experts. The war waged against ideas in the interests of commercialism has been fierce and intense. For a time the spoils seemed undoubtedly to go with the latter force. To the keen observer of life, however, there is no doubt but that the pendulum has struck the high point of futility and is swinging back again. In literature, in painting, in sculpture, in all the arts there is a tendency again toward seriousness and reality of product. There is an ever-loosening hold upon the cheap, the tawdry, the sham product. We have suffered adequately from mere hollow appearances decked out as truths which flourished for a while in the nineteenth century; now they are simply laughed down and not accepted. We have demanded and are getting a change from the cheap and ready-made to what is indeed more costly at first, but also more permanent. Quick wit is no longer mistaken for real intellectual ability, for the power to think and think straight. A song and dance on the stage will not take the place of a play of ideas; the machine-made novel only fools the half-educated and cannot count its

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readers in the hundred thousands. Nothing more helpful to general education has happened than the passing of "the best-seller." The change for the better is in the air. Better magazines are read and more cheap ones are going by the board.

The stage reflects, somewhat slowly and timidly, indeed, yet truthfully, the mind of average man; and where and when in the history of civilization could the themes now familiar to every theater-goer, to every frequenter even of the moving-picture show, have been presented before? Some years ago a Boston lady read, laughingly, the little preface to Brieux's "Damaged Goods." "When," she asked, "will such a piece dare to be spoken on English-speaking boards?" The answer of all those present was, "Never." Four years later "Damaged Goods" was being played all over the United States.

To be sure, the first stone was thrown as early as 1877, when Björnson published and had staged in Christiania his play, "The Gauntlet," demanding a single standard of morals; while Ibsen with his "Doll's House," a picture of the "parlor lady" without responsibilities, Hedda Gabler, the predatory woman, "Ghosts," a story of concealment and inheritance; Hauptmann, with his plays of social justice, carried on the method, while Strindberg wrote upon impossible subjects and in the "Intimate Theater" of Stockholm managed to lay the foundations of the new theater of ideas.

A great dramatic revival began with Shaw in England and was continued by Barker, Galsworthy, and Besier. Things half known and never expressed are pictured for the public, and the question is urgent, "What will you do about this?"

"Social forces lie deep," says a modern writer upon the drama. "They are not on the surface; they are the true history of any movement. Hence it is not cleverness, but understanding, they require for their full and ample explanation."

The old presupposition that *life* was by its nature divorced from *ideas,* and that drama was divorced from literature, has been destroyed by such practice as that of the modern English school of playwrights, and in its wake, less serious, indeed, less capable and artistic, but awakened at last, come the recent American dramatists.

Zoë Akins has published a comedy "Papa" somewhat

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overdrawn, indeed, yet pointing directly at definite forms of social abuse. It is lively and amusing enough to pass for sheer comedy verging upon farce, and yet there is an undercurrent of satire and criticism of ideals which places her play under the head of the new drama.

George Bronson-Howard in his "Red Light of Mars" is plunging head foremost, with no little general splashing, into modern ideas and new ideals.

"Sentiment, always sentiment, maudlin sentiment, that's what keeps abuses unrectified, men ignorant, women slaves, the world's intellect developing no faster than a snail crawls," he writes. The tone here is, of course, directly drawn from Shaw, and the devil's indictment of Christianity, under which men called hate—anger against the heathen; lust—the Woman leading on to Holier Things; greed—world-conquest in your name, indicates somewhat crudely the latest transvaluation of values.

These plays completely contradict the statement of Montrose J. Moses in his volume on *The American Dramatist,* that "not one of our American dramatists can thus far boast of challenging thought or of rousing public interest, other than that of fictitious excitement."

Veiller's two successes, "Within the Law" and "The Fight," as well as Scarborough's "Lure," certainly have challenged thought. Again, Mr. Moses's insistence upon the necessity of stage technique is contradicted by Mr. Maugham's congratulations upon the American dramatists' freedom from just such hampering rules and regulations.

The changes brought about upon the stage, that last rampart of popular prejudice, are nowhere more apparent than in the books about the drama; so that books of even two and three years ago seem hopelessly antiquated and have no weight at all under modern conditions. More and more the stage, following in the wake of literature and religion, is coping freely and boldly with ideas; more and more is it an awakener, a provider of real thought.

More and more do play-goers look for what Mr. Clayton Hamilton calls the "sacred intention of permanence" in the play, and more and more is it true, as Mr. Percy Mackaye has said, that "true democracy is vitally concerned with beauty, and true art is vitally concerned with citizenship."

Louise Collier Willcox.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

SIGNIFICANT HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH

A Remarkable New Opera from Italy: Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re."—Mackaye's "A Thousand Years Ago."—Barrie's "The Legend of Leonora."

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

To an observer of the musical heavens the discovery of a new composer is as thrilling an event as the discovery of a new star must be to those who watch the more fruitful heavens of actuality. By "a new composer" we mean, of course, a new composer of parts—one who speaks with a voice that is arresting by reason of its beauty, or its volume, or its singularity. To have lived in the day of, say, Wagner's emergence must have been a stupefying experience indeed—though there is the hideous possibility that even the most liberal, the most unimpeded, among us might have reacted to him as did Ruskin to "Die Meistersinger," which he dismissed, with delightful vehemence, as an "affected, sapless, soulless, tuneless doggerel of sounds; . . . as for the great *Lied,* I never made out where it began or where it ended, except by the fellow's coming off the horse-block." But if we cannot all have been present on that occasion when the Quintet must (let us hope) have fallen upon our ears like the voice of all the angels singing out of heaven, there are many of us who have had the immeasurable privilege of watching the wonder and loveliness of a "Pelléas" flush the tonal skies with a beauty as magical and melancholy as an autumn sunset, or have seen an "Elektra" flame in those self-same skies like the terrible, burning star of the Apocalypse, the name of which was wormwood, and which embittered the waters into which it fell; "and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter." And there, perhaps, is the fitting motto for what we are about to say.

How is one to know whether the new light in the esthetic

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sky is an enduring radiance or a false dawn? Whether the flaming star is a fact or an hallucination? How, that is to say, are we to know whether our new composer is worthy of our liking or not? We fancy the candid pessimist would tell us that we may know the authentic from the delusive by remembering the words of the Scriptural narrative that we have just quoted. Are the waters embittered by the burning star? If they are, then (says our candid pessimist) you may know that Genius has come upon the earth. Has any genius—has any genuinely creative composer (to stick closely to our muttons)—ever failed to embitter the waters? When Ruskin called the music of "Meistersinger" a "soulless, tuneless, doggerel of sounds" he merely echoed the opinion of most of the critics and many of the public of his time. We all remember how the most important music composed since the death of Wagner—the music of Debussy and Richard Strauss—was greeted by those who should have been the first to announce and extol it. So that it might almost be stated as a critical axiom that you may know a masterpiece by the bitterness it precipitates; and that a work which is hailed upon its appearance as a masterpiece is—something quite different. The new work of an innovating genius will always taste bitter in the mouth to all save a few. If it does not—if its flavor delights the palate at once—let the heedful beware!

All of which is prefatory to a consideration of a new opera, by a new composer, which has made more noise in New York than any lyric novelty of recent years. We refer, of course, to Italo Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re," which was produced at the Metropolitan in the first week of the new year amid general and indisputably sincere rejoicings—rejoicings which would have been a fit greeting, indeed, for a new "Tristan und Isolde," and which awoke, in the memories of some, ironic recollections of the quite different reception that marked the disclosure of "Pelléas et Mélisande" and "Elektra."

Montemezzi is a wholly new apparition in the operatic field, so far as the world at large is concerned. He is young—in the early thirties; and his native Italy saw the production of "L'Amore dei Tre Re" only a year ago. His two previous operas had made no fame for him, and to-day, save in Italy and in New York, he is virtually unknown. Nor is the dramatist who has supplied the literary basis of

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his opera much better known. Sem Benelli is a contemporary Italian poet, whose name is often bracketed by his countrymen with that of Gabriele D'Annunzio; but few non-Latin readers are familiar with his work. His "L'Amore dei Tre Re" is a "tragic poem" in three acts. It is a play that might have been written for musical enlargement, so ideally suited is it to the purposes of the lyric stage. This drama is almost as spare, as free from accessory elements, as is Wagner's "Tristan."

Fiora, wife of Manfredo, is a young princess who has been wedded against her will to the son of the conqueror of her people. She loves Avito, and, in her husband's absence, gives herself to him. The blind and aged Archibaldo, jealous of his son's honor, surprises her in the arms of her lover and strangles her. As she lies dead he smears her lips with poison, thinking to entrap her lover when he shall come to kiss her. But it is not Avito alone whom he entraps; Manfredo, too, kisses desperately the poisoned lips of Fiora; and Archibaldo, entering then, and thinking he has caught the lover, wraps his arms about the body of his dying son. It is a heart-shaking utterance of the sightless old king upon which the curtain closes:

> Ah! Manfredo! Manfredo! Anche tu, dunque,
> Senza rimedio sei con me nell'ombra!

It is said by those who best know Italian that Signor Benelli has accomplished in this play a dramatic poem of conspicuous excellence as literature. Upon that point we have no right to an opinion. But, quite aside from its literary quality, the play, as a drama for the lyric stage, is beyond question admirable. It is very simple, very powerful, very moving. It has passion and pathos. It is eloquent of

> Earth's old and weary cry.

Would that we could honestly avoid saying that it is worthy a more gifted composer than Signor Montemezzi! Let it be admitted at once, with all heartiness, that Montemezzi is a musician who commands respect. He is a composer of evident scholarship, of indubitable feeling, of deep seriousness and sincerity. It is certain that he has been profoundly moved by the drama he has undertaken to set, and that he is quite single-minded in his endeavor to heighten and intensify it in his music. He is obviously not

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concerned about wooing the ears of the groundlings. He has given us a score in which, from beginning to end, there is not a measure that can justly be called meretricious; a score that makes no *ad captandum* appeal whatsoever. He has applied himself with undivided earnestness and devotion to the task of setting forth his dramatic theme with all the enhancing power of which he is capable. There is here no defect of intention, but only a defect of capacity. If dramatic music of the highest order could be achieved without inspiration, then Montemezzi would have given us a masterwork to which we all, without exception, could offer homage. But for our part, we see no profit in judging a work of art save by the criterion of the best. To extol a new work because it is not so bad as some, or because its composer is very young and may do better, or because he might have done worse, seems, to say the least, beside the point. We have a stubborn conviction that there is no such thing as a second-rate masterpiece. The supreme obligation of music is to be eloquent: if it is not eloquent, it has failed.

It has been intimated that Montemezzi is entitled to some kind of credit because he is different from Puccini. Now it is certain that Signor Puccini has many faults, and has committed many esthetic indiscretions. His place is assuredly not with the high gods of music. But he *can* be eloquent; and he has unescapable individuality—the two cardinal virtues which Signor Montemezzi has not. Montemezzi's ideas lack distinction; but, what is worse, they lack character. His music is wanting in profile; it has no marked personality. It has feeling, it is rhetorically impressive; but of true imagination it has little. We should not think of denying that the scene in " L'Amore dei Tre Re " which arouses the greatest enthusiasm in its hearers—the love scene of the second act—is extremely effective and exciting; Montemezzi has written music for this scene which is an excellent imitation of the real thing—music which the incautious and the non-exigent would assuredly defend as eloquent beyond question. But it is not a difficult thing for the resourceful composer of to-day so to manipulate the marvelous expressional resources that modern music has acquired from the masters of the past that all but the most wary are beguiled into thinking that they are listening to the authentic speech of inspiration. Plagiarism is not implied, for plagiarism is unnecessary. A commonplace

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melody, if it be large-molded and passionate in accent, and uttered in an ascending *crescendo* by the wonderful myriad-voiced orchestra that is now at the disposal of any accomplished craftsman, can suggest with extraordinary similitude the veritable tongue of genius. But that is not what we mean by eloquence in music. We mean the kind of eloquence that stabs the spirit like a flaming sword; that strikes the mind with an instant conviction that an immortal saying has been uttered; that floods the heart with something that is part exquisite ecstasy and part exquisite pain; that opens to the inward eye, for a brief moment, a vision of the heights where eternal Loveliness dreams its eternal dream, and makes us know that we have seen

> Beauty itself amid
> Beautiful things.

It is no pleasure to disparage so earnest, so dignified, so scrupulous a musician as Signor Montemezzi, especially as it is possible for the most exacting to listen with true pleasure to many pages of his opera, wherein are to be found a persuasive expression of feeling that is always sincere and deep. But to say or to imply that he has produced a score which is worthy to be named in the same breath with a work of essential genius like "Pelléas et Mélisande," or like "Elektra," or even like "Der Rosenkavalier," is merely to darken counsel.

Of the production of "L'Amore dei Tre Re" at the Metropolitan no praise could be too hearty. Miss Bori as the much-loved Fiora, Mr. Ferrari-Fontana as her lover Avito, Mr. Amato as Manfredo, the husband, and Mr. Didur as the blind avenging Archibaldo, are so completely satisfying in their several rôles that a sense of the excellence of their impersonations can best be conveyed by saying that they are as nearly ideal as human fallibility can ever permit. As for the achievement of the prodigious Toscanini, who learned the score in a few weeks and conducted from memory a performance of superb impressiveness—but why enlarge upon a miracle? If Mr. Toscanini were dead, the story of his deeds would read like a fable.

Mr. Percy Mackaye has the enviable faculty of awakening high anticipations. We go to a new play of his expecting to find something that will rewardingly excite the mind;

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and no matter what shortcomings we may encounter, this particular expectation is sure to be realized. Mr. Mackaye is a man who thinks seriously and nobly about the theater. He regards the theater as eminently worth saving; and if salvation were always so delectable a process as he makes it seem by his new fantastic romance, "A Thousand Years Ago," we should be prepared cheerfully to admit what we do not honestly believe to be the case—namely, that the theater of our time is in need of salvation. At all events, Mr. Mackaye goes about the business of its regeneration in an altogether irresistible manner. Our only objection is to his premise, which is that Romance has too long been banished from the stage by a dull and sodden materialism, and needs to be restored. We think that Mr. Mackaye was unduly depressed when he conceived the necessity for the plea which underlies his comedy. We believe that Romance is very much alive in the modern theater. Was it not only the other day that "Peter Pan" was born there? Was it not only yesterday that the "Blue Bird" lured Mytil and Tyltil to their marvelous adventures in its pursuit? We suspect Mr. Mackaye of an amiable disingenuousness in this matter. He himself is a poet and a child of Romance; and we accuse him of pretending a rather more desperate concern for the languishing state of dramatic Romance than he actually feels, in order that he may achieve an excuse for a little poetic frolic of his own.

But he needed no excuse. His "romance of the Orient," as he calls his comedy, has turned the Shubert Theater, for the moment, into a dwelling-place of Romance which even those who are steeped in the sodden materialism which affrights Mr. Mackaye will want to visit. How winsomely, how vividly, how wittily, with how loving and tender a touch, he has resurrected the old tale of the princess who offered her hand as prize to the suitor who could guess her riddles! Turandot, the lovely Princess of Pekin, and her lover Calaf, Prince of Astrakhan, live in this engaging fantasy with an imaginative vitality that is persuasive and engrossing. And how deftly he has introduced, as protagonist, the wise and audacious Capocomico, and his vagabond players out of old Italian comedy—Scaramouche, Punchinello, Pantaloon, and Harlequin. He has given us here an appealing blend of humor and poetry, sentiment and satire; and the very "modern" settings contrived for the

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stage of the Shubert by Mr. J. C. Huffman admirably reinforce it. If we cannot say as much for the "interpretative music" of Mr. William Furst, that is only, perhaps, because incidental music in the theater has always been guided by an evil star; and Mr. Furst has been no more fortunate in escaping its influence than have much abler and more conspicuous musicians than he.

Leonora's little girl had a cold—not a *bad* cold: just "one of those sniffy little colds." And when the beast of a man who shared their compartment with them in the railway carriage refused to permit the window to be closed, what more natural, more completely justifiable, than that Leonora should push him out? He was killed, and he deserved to be killed. Who could be so absurd as to say that Leonora was to be blamed for his death? For *did not her little girl have a cold?* That was the fact—the tremendous, extenuating, completely exculpating fact, that Leonora could not seem to make people believe, though she insisted upon it again and again. Of course it was monstrous that they should put her on trial in a court of law for doing what any one—any mother, at least—would have done. Who shall say that it was merely the personal fascination of Leonora that caused the jury to bring in a verdict of "not guilty," and made the judge her surreptitious advocate and her gracious and reverential escort from the court-room when the trial was ended? Was it not rather the essential, the undeniable rectitude of her case that won her an acquittal?

How it all happened is told in Sir James Matthew Barrie's "Legend of Leonora," and you may learn about it for yourself at the Empire Theater, where Miss Maude Adams is the captivating central figure in these thrilling and extraordinary proceedings. The incalculable Barrie has done many unforgetable and soul-satisfying things for the theater of to-day; but we doubt if he has ever been more transportingly witty, more beguilingly whimsical, more exquisitely satirical, more perfectly a master of intellectual fooling, than in this delicious comedy. It would be crime in a capital degree to disclose all the delightful surprises that this prince of dramatic satirists has provided for the attentive spectator in this memorable exposition of a memorable case; but we cannot forbear to quote for his preparatory en-

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lightenment the haunting little speech which the Judge makes to Leonora after her acquittal (a speech delivered with consummate art by Mr. Arthur Lewis):

"Leonora, you are one of those round whom legends grow even in their lifetime. This is the sort of thing you might have done had your little girl had a cold. And this is how we might have acted had you done it. . . . You are not of to-day — foolish, wayward, unselfconscious, communicative Leonora. The ladies of to-day are different and —wiser. But as we look longingly at you we see again in their habit, as they lived, those out-of-date, unreasoning, womanish creatures, our mothers and grandmothers and other dear ones long ago loved and lost—and as if you were the last woman, Leonora, we bid you hail and farewell."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

A SUNDAY paper that I have just now been reading quotes in an apologetic and rather startled manner a Frenchman's comment on international marriages. The Frenchman, in bitter words, lays all the blame or the failure of these matings on the American wives, who, he says, are cold, indifferent, impertinent, aggressive, lacking in grace, reserve, and modesty, incapable of self-sacrifice, having no interest in their husband's affairs, restless, and ever seeking the new, the extravagant, and the morbid. While in France marriage is, he declares, a union of two sympathetic persons, a union of two interests, in America, where every one harps on equality, the husband finds no reciprocity in the matter of personal liberty. So when an American girl captures some prince, duke, marquis, count, or baron, by methods resembling "red Indian stratagem," she expects of him flattery, indulgence, and freedom, but on her part recognizes no duties at all toward him. "She cannot adapt herself to the equality existing in European families, to the community of life and interests." Considering the ferocity of foreigners on this subject any time these past ten years, it seems odd to find the thing run in with the news of the day.

The Marquis de Chelles in Mrs. Wharton's new novel expresses this point of view less clumsily, when, turning angrily on his young American wife, he refuses to sell the ancestral tapestries:

"Ah, that's your answer—that's all you feel when you lay hands on things that are sacred to us!" He stopped a moment, and then let his voice break out with the volume she had felt to be gathering. "And you're all alike," he exclaimed, "every one of you. You come from a country we

[1] *The Custom of the Country.* By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York, 1913.

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don't know, and can't imagine, a country you care for so little that before you've been a day in ours you've forgotten the very house you were born in—if it wasn't torn down before you knew it! You come among us speaking our language and not knowing what we mean; wanting the things we want, and not knowing why we want them; aping our weaknesses, exaggerating our follies, ignoring or ridiculing all we care about—you come from hotels as big as towns, and from towns as flimsy as paper, where the streets haven't time to be named, and the buildings are demolished before they're dry, and the people are as proud of changing as we are of holding to what we have—and we're fools enough to imagine that because you copy our ways and pick up our slang you understand anything about the things that make life decent and honorable for us!"

Who but a Sunday editor, undoubtedly the most easily startled of human beings, could feel the least surprise at this steady damnation of the American wife, whether by foreign observer or by native novelist? Take, for example, the British weekly magazines. Years ago they formed the habit of exposing her and they would no more dream of leaving off now than of omitting the article on "What the Birds Are Doing in Devonshire." Time and again they have burst out upon the American woman all at once, as when one Dr. Andrew McPhail, some three years ago, called her a Hanoverian rat, a San José scale, a noxious weed, a jade, a giantess, and a potato-bug, and was immediately copied approvingly by the other British magazines, and widely quoted on the Continent. He said she was sterile and would soon die out; also that she was a monstrous and unwholesome growth sure to overspread and kill the rest of the species; and in spite of the apparent conflict in the terms, everybody seemed pleased with the sentiment. Indeed, the very words "American wife" have become to many foreigners proverbial, and, it is said, they take the figure on Bedloes Island for a symbol of American womanhood—the colossus of some splendid divorcée who had neglected many husbands and got on in the world—instead of Liberty Enlightening it. As to our native fiction, its figure of the bad American wife, or woman in her social ascension, seems hardly less monumental and fixed.

Mrs. Wharton's Undine Spragg is a creature of great beauty and much natural ability, with a wonderful nose for social distinctions. Her life is, for the most part, a series of little upward movements out of the "wrong set" into the right one. As a child in the yellow "frame" cottage of Apex City she yearned for gentility, and she continued to

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yearn for it, even after the family was installed in the plush parlors of the Mealey House. At each stage she soon perceived that there was something better still beyond and she resolutely sought it, dragging her parents from third-rate to second-rate hotels, and rising from "buggy-rides" with a dentist's assistant to an affair with a riding-master who said he was an exiled nobleman. She discovered that he was not, and profited from the lesson. She profited, indeed, from every social lesson, especially from one imparted to her by her mother's *masseuse,* the friendly Mrs. Heeny, who was an authority on New York's best society. "The wrong set," said Mrs. Heeny, "is like fly-paper; once you are in it you can pull and pull, but you'll never get out of it again." This was after Undine was fairly launched, in a private drawing-room of the Hotel Stentorian in New York, whither her parents, now prosperous, had brought her in order that she might have "her chance." The walls were hung with salmon-pink damask, and in the center of the room was a gilt table with an onyx top, bearing a palm in a gilt basket and a copy of *The Hound of the Baskervilles.* Here for the moment she was happy, but she soon saw that it was not "the thing."

The consummate reviewer would no doubt point out many striking analogies, and I wish my memory were not so bad. But I am sure that her pedigree runs back to Mrs. Potiphar, and that forebears may be found in the writings of Charles Dudley Warner and Mrs. Burton Harrison, and that she is related to Selma White, and to the heroine of *The Breadwinners,* and to the young woman that Mr. Robert Herrick published last spring, and to the young woman in Helen Huntington's *Marshlights,* published last autumn. Not to imply that she is a compilation, a thing of literary shreds and patches, for, on the contrary, she is uncommonly well-knit. I refer merely to the persistency of the type, the grip on our fiction of this same climbing woman, who rises from rag carpets to ormolu in the eighteen-sixties and from ingrain carpets to marble suites in 1913, and from ordinary becomes important, and from important becomes *chic,* and leaves behind her, oh! such a devastated trail of sad and outgrown things—red table-cloths, little homes with "Welcome" on the door-mat, flats without a bell-boy, flats with, *fiancés* in every stratum, beginning, of course, with the buggy-riding era, gas logs, good souls in linen dusters, the

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broken father, the friend who might have helped her, the sensitive child, and the financially ascending series of husbands. For it is graved on the tablets of literary destiny that she who with cold heart deserts the ranks where gum is chewed shall soon desert a husband in a fur-lined overcoat, and from that point on the cruel anabasis into best society is predeterminate, and she goes to the devil like clockwork. Now the gods and graces have been kind to Mrs. Wharton, who can always renovate a stale matter or see a familiar object with fresh eyes, but for the others there is the danger that in their treatment of this climbing woman they may fall into a sort of ritual. For her lines are hardening every year, and since minor fiction lives on itself in strange autophagy, she already seems an allegory bearing a moral lesson and nothing else, like Death or Satan in a mystery, or like some figure in a revel, which at the moment of entrance is grasped by the mind once and for all time—*adventavit asinus fortis et pulcherrimus*—and so an end to surprises and to all the fun of guessing.

By a stroke of fortune Undine Spragg was swept to the very summit of New York gentility through her marriage to Ralph Marvell, the flower of Washington Square aristocracy. There is an admirable description of the Marvells and their connections, who represent New York's waning *noblesse:*

> Ralph sometimes called his mother and grandfather the Aborigines, and likened them to those vanishing denizens of the American continent doomed to rapid extinction with the advance of the invading race. He was fond of describing Washington Square as the "Reservation," and of prophesying that before long its inhabitants would be exhibited at ethnological shows, pathetically engaged in the exercise of their primitive industries.
>
> Small, cautious, middle-class, had been the ideals of aboriginal New York; but it suddenly struck the young man that they were singularly coherent and respectable as contrasted with the chaos of indiscriminate appetites which made up its modern tendencies. He, too, had wanted to be "modern," had revolted, half-humorously, against the restrictions and exclusions of the old code; and it must have been by one of the ironic reversions of heredity that, at this precise point, he began to see what there was to be said on the other side—*his* side, as he felt it now to be.

Undine found these people "frumpy" and was soon absorbed in the brilliant "Van Degen set," which is described with many caustic touches. In dealing with these mental unfortunates Mrs. Wharton differentiates the types most cleverly while keeping the even tenor of her contempt.

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It is wonderful how in a word or two she can call to the mind a type or extinguish a pretension or present a complete picture to the eye. Disagreeable persons are never condemned or brought obviously to ridicule by Mrs. Wharton. They are in a delicate phrase or two artistically snubbed. For example, the "lovely, aimless" Mrs. Beringer, who kept "a home for stray opinions and could never quite tell them apart"; Mr. Popple, the painter, whose portraits were "not pictures of Mrs. or Miss So-and-so, but simply of the impression Popple thinks he's made on them"; and "the Harvey Shallums, fresh from Paris, and dragging in their wake a bewildered nobleman vaguely designated as "the Count," who offered cautious conversational openings, like an explorer trying beads on savages." To the extinguishment of the above-mentioned Mr. Popple she devotes more space.

> Mr. Popple, like all great men, had at first had his ups and downs; but his reputation had been permanently established by the verdict of a wealthy patron who, returning from an excursion into other fields of portraiture, had given it as the final fruit of his experience that Popple was the only man who could "do pearls." To sitters for whom this was of the first consequence it was another of the artist's merits that he always subordinated art to elegance, in life as well as in his portraits. . . . Mr. Popple, in fact, held that the personality of the artist should at all times be dissembled behind that of the man. It was his opinion that the essence of good breeding lay in tossing off a picture as easily as you lit a cigarette. Ralph Marvell had once said of him that when he began a portrait he always turned back his cuffs and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you can see there's absolutely nothing here." He was, moreover, as literary as he was artistic; possessing an unequaled acquaintance with contemporary fiction, and dipping even into the lighter type of memoirs, in which the old acquaintances of history are served up in the disguise of *A Royal Sorceress, or Passion in a Palace.* The mastery with which Mr. Popple discussed the novel of the day, especially in relation to the sensibilities of its hero and heroine, gave Undine a sense of intellectual activity which contrasted strikingly with Marvell's flippant estimate of such works. "Passion," the artist implied, would have been the dominant note of his life, had it not been held in check by a sentiment of exalted chivalry, and by the sense that a nature of such emotional intensity as his must always be "ridden on the curb."

Back and forth between Paris and New York, with an occasional visit to Dakota, when husbands must be dropped, Undine speeds ruthlessly along, driven by the few simple appetites with which the author has endowed her. Ralph, the Washington Square husband, commits suicide, being of that fragile and poetic mold which in fiction at least usually

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dies of the wrong petticoat. De Chelles, the French aristocrat, is of tougher fiber, and survives. The third and final husband is the coarse-grained, self-made man, now become a great figure in the world of finance, whom in her girlhood she had secretly married. But it is ungrateful to telescope into a summary a book which so plainly owes its interest not to the ins and outs of circumstance or to the development of character, but to what Henry James calls the "social scene." It is astonishing that reviewers should be complaining that Mrs. Wharton is not "sympathetic" with the characters, that her revelations are "hard and cruel," that only the weaker sort of person described by her has any "heart," etc. She has written books in other moods. Why blame her for not being all things at once, and for not throwing in something at intervals to reassure us that, after all, human nature is a lovely thing? Surely it is permissible to survey a few groups of miscellaneous New-Yorkers in a spirit, say, of cool inquiry, without yearning to clasp a single member of them to one's bosom. It does not seem to me that this is cynicism. It seems rather a measure of mental hygiene. And I for one have found myself disliking almost everybody in the volume and yet reading with great pleasure every word of it—rather a grim pleasure, to be sure, and not so keen as that afforded by her work in other fields.

And I like this reduction of our showy social mess to its rather meager simplicities, and the picture of New York, not as a metropolis, but as a village gone into hypertrophy, with its trades-people turned wholesale and socially important, and furriers, tobacconists, jewelers, and carpetmen, all wonderfully swollen into newspaper notables, while some genuine Napoleon of green vegetables is unaccountably left out, and its queer, loud, unaccustomed gentilities, and its fearful anxieties of taste. I am told that many a corner grocer under a magnifying-glass looks exactly like a great financier—just as a flea looks like a dinosaur seen through the microscope. In Mrs. Wharton's gentry of Manhattan we see the gentry of her Apex City, unchanged in texture, but, by accident of wealth, rather ridiculously distended.

F. M. Colby.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LIFE OF EDWARD BULWER, FIRST LORD LYTTON. By THE EARL OF LYTTON. London: The Macmillan Company, Limited, 1913.

From one point of view the long-awaited *Life of Bulwer Lytton* is somewhat disappointing. It is, indeed, a little surprising that the biography of so brilliant and active a man as the author of *The Last Days of Pompeii* and *Zanoni*—one feels tempted to add, in early nineteenth-century fashion, "etc., etc."—should afford so little that is of direct worth to thought or to feeling. For the *Life* does not contain much that a man can profitably translate into the terms of his own experience. The expressions of feeling in Bulwer's correspondence leave us cold; the truths he found appear never to have been especially deep or subtle. It seems as though in the course of his busy, troublous, ambitious life, he never had time—if he had capacity—for those deeper moments of consciousness in which are matured our more sincere and profound thoughts. One does not see him experiencing those changes of heart which come to a man when he has been wrestling with his own soul in the dark. On the contrary, there is a kind of rigid consistency about him. He is offended, he relents; he acts, in short, with a magnanimity and generosity uncommon in the most gentle of men. But in all this process there is nothing to prevent him from being a second time offended in precisely the same way as before. He seems to *concede*—not to forgive. When he is moved he expands with a kind of elaborate effusiveness; yet making all due allowance for the epistolary style of his day, it strikes one that he never gets to the root even of his own feeling. No man was more adept at stating the logical grounds of his emotion: he seems not to have suspected that these were not uniformly—as they so seldom are—the real grounds.

In considering this aspect of Bulwer, it is, of course, impossible not to have in mind his bitter marital unhappiness. Poor Rosina Wheeler! Hers was evidently one of those complex minds which can be governed to good purposes only by the most careful and intimate self-control; and this sovereign quality she had less than the average chance to acquire. After an embittered childhood, inexperienced in the realities of affection, lacking that spirit of respect and reverence which wise love inspires, she faced the world in the frame of mind most perilous to one of her temperament—that of requiring from life compensation for all she had missed or suffered. Nothing, perhaps, more completely hoodwinks the soul than the belief that deprivation or injustice relieves the sufferer from responsibility. Yet the earlier references to Rosina Wheeler, in the *Life*, give us glimpses of a personality attractive and by no means unamiable. Bulwer's infatuation for Miss Wheeler was vigorously combated by his mother, and when

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at length he married without his mother's consent she retaliated by cutting off his allowance. Under these difficult circumstances, the young wife appears, by her letters, to have behaved with surprising discretion. At that time she felt that her husband was all hers; that he was upon her side in any quarrel that might arise even when the other party was his mother. The chivalry of his behavior won Rosina, we may read between the lines, as nothing else could have done; it won her even to moderation and generosity. But this could not last. As Bulwer became more and more absorbed in his literary work, arriving in time at a state of almost chronic author's irritability, his wife lapsed deeper and deeper into dissatisfaction and jealousy.

When we turn from Rosina to her husband—what a contrast! Bulwer seems the embodiment of reasonableness and self-restraint, his wife ungovernable and always hopelessly in the wrong. We cannot, truly, deny that Bulwer possessed self-command in an unusual degree. His strength excites our admiration, yet there was a weakness in it, and the symptom of this weakness is a thing which for lack of a better name we may call "the rhetorical process." The rhetorical process is the attempt of the mind to get along without the will, and it begins where self-control ends. It consists of elaborate and unnecessary self-vindications, of definitions of one's attitude, of declarations of what one would or would not do under certain unreal circumstances, of vain speculations upon serious matters. Giving way to this process, a man may be as ingenious as Polonius, and will be in all probability as futile. He will certainly miss the heart of every matter. Every one who has succumbed to the temptation of writing an elaborate reply to an impertinent letter knows the rhetorical process. The mental act of writing the unnecessary reply is a substitute for the spiritual act of dropping the letter into the waste-basket and forgetting the incident as soon as possible.

Bulwer's frequent yielding to this rhetorical tendency seems to betoken a weakness not so different from that of his wife as might at first blush appear to be the case. Doubtless in any event Rosina would have proved a discontented and trying wife, but, as it was, she became a paranoiac. If her husband had possessed a deeper, a more spiritual self-control, the awfulness of the tragedy might have been averted. Rosina's violence was perhaps an instinctive effort to provoke from the man whom, in her way, she loved the unqualified love she craved. But Bulwer always qualified, and then qualified the qualifications. If only he had not tried to do by logic what could only be done by will and instinct! In their frequent abrupt quarrels and reconciliations it is curious to observe the automatic workings of the minds of both. Plainly the will is not present here. Will —the will that precedes judgment and makes it possible—that is what we all need.

The Earl of Lytton rather acutely points out a weakness of his grandfather's in constantly confusing his ideal of himself with the true man. Edward Bulwer Lytton himself declared that a man might become almost what he liked. So saying, he "spoke a great word and fulfilled it." Few men have so fully accomplished what they set out to do in the world as did he, and in this respect his life yields direct inspiration. But his career seems also to illustrate the deeper truth that it is a mistake to substitute an outward ideal for the instinct that should inform and correct it.

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In most ways the biography confirms the opinion of Bulwer that may be drawn from his own writings. It does not lead us to attribute to him greater depth of imagination, but rather a greater preponderance of good sense over fancy and feeling than the novels might be thought to indicate. For example, his interest in the occult was coolly skeptical and his final attitude toward the subject was almost explicitly that of the modern, disillusioned though puzzled psychic investigator. His political effectiveness, his oratorical brilliance, the versatile activity of his mind as shown in his letters, are all just what we should expect.

Further, this should be said: the *Life* gives us finally a substantial respect for the man of whom it treats. Bulwer had no such genius for self-pity as Rousseau, as Byron, or even as Dickens. He cannot at once disgust and attract, and by so much he seems the more manly. His character has the dignity of honorable ambition, if not of devotion to art in the highest sense. It has the magnetism of keen intellect if not of those deep, whole-souled natures we call greatest—and in the long run it commands respect. As a piece of writing, the *Life* is as clean, straightforward, and interesting as Forster's *Dickens*.

THE LIFE OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. By SIR EDWARD COOK. London: The Macmillan Company, Limited, 1913.

The desire to know how greatness of character originates can never be fully satisfied; yet in the life of such a woman as Florence Nightingale—a life in which we see character developing as an independent force—we seem to get a certain light upon the mystery. Do heredity and environment furnish the all-sufficient explanations? Cases of eccentric or extremely specialized genius sometimes lead us to think so. Emerson, we remember, had as much hereditary right to metaphysical insight as any seventh son of a seventh son to occult powers. Similar cases of inherited tendencies are not hard to find. But what of Florence Nightingale?

Some of her traits may be easily accounted for. Kindness of heart, gentleness of soul, mental acuteness, belonged to her by heritage. But none of her family ever displayed the wonderful force of character and initiative that were hers. Considering as a whole her busy, eventful, compassionate life, we are constrained to regard her as one of nature's fresh starts—a successful attempt to produce a new and higher type of human being. Among founders of families and originators of new movements, such persons are occasionally met with, and they are always sharply differenced from those who are distinguished merely by that intensity which results from narrowness.

That Florence Nightingale was not one of the narrowly intense is proved by the story of her early life—her period of aspiration. She was well equipped to shine in society—and in society of the brilliantly intellectual sort which was open to her she unfeignedly delighted. But she put it aside. So original was she in thought and expression that unquestionably she might have won notable success in literature. The literary career was repeatedly urged upon her; but she put it aside in favor of a way of life that involved, besides great labor, stubborn conflict with conventional opinion, with military prejudice, with medical jealousy, and with religious intolerance. Plainly she was not one of those women who are

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untouched by love or by the desire for love; intellectually she approved of marriage and temperamentally she was fit for it. Yet she put love aside, not without recognition of its worth, but entirely without the sentimentality of sacrifice and even with a kind of brusquerie.

Indeed, in all this putting aside there was none of the mockery of asceticism. "Do you think me an ascetic?" she once wrote to Dr. Sutherland, who had urged her not to sacrifice the body to the spirit. "Asceticism is the trifling of an enthusiast with his power, a puerile coquetting with his selfishness or his vanity, in the absence of any sufficiently great object to employ the first or overcome the last." Nor was she a mere fighter, loving contention for its own sake. The fine balance of her nature is seen in her perfect freedom from conventionality—a freedom unaccompanied by any love for the opposite quality in itself. For insincere trifling with the idea of goodness she had only amused contempt, and she wasted little patience on those who, in the guise of helpers, hindered her. But for the more ordinary feminine type, whose destiny is to adorn and bless a home, she had kindness and appreciation. Of her charming and accomplished sister she wrote: "No one less than I wants her to do one single thing different from what she does." But for herself, she was calmly certain that the life of home and the approved occupations of women were not sufficient. On one page of a religious work she had been reading, entitled *Passages from the Life of a Daughter at Home,* she made this pungent marginal note: "Piling up miscellaneous instruction for oneself—the most unsatisfactory of all pursuits!" Always she was conscious of a high destiny, and the final truth about her, so far as it is humanly discernible, seems to be that in her the mind could not by virtue of its versatility and power of enjoyment lead the will, but the will used the mind for the purpose it chose. Method, order, grasp of detail, her most conspicuous qualities in later life, were not native tendencies; they were patiently cultivated.

How closely connected are insight and real earnestness of purpose—the earnestness that is not merely the result of a fixed idea—may be seen in many of her comments upon life. The sayings of Florence Nightingale have indisputably the flavor of a great nature. Such natures have a way of getting directly to the heart of a question, and to them a certain shrewdness and vital humor are seldom unnatural. Instinctively we think of Joan of Arc, of Anselm, of Abraham Lincoln. Miss Nightingale was not invariably right—who is?—but she had insight, and her vivacity, her power of saying exactly what she meant, are constant sources of delight and edification. We need not be surprised, moreover, to find that, like many other practical persons, she was something of a mystic; and although, as the result perhaps of the influence upon her of such minds as those of J. S. Mill, Jowett, and George Eliot, she tried to formulate her beliefs in somewhat too positivistic a fashion, her faith was essentially simple and genuine.

The complete story of her life as told by Sir Edward Cook is valuable as a part of the history of civilization; but chiefly it is of significance as portraying through her own words and acts the character of the woman, as no mere analysis could portray it, showing us how much of solid worth and unsentimental benevolence there was in the "ministering angel" of the Crimea, and how much of lovable human nature in the stern temper of the reformer—above all, illustrating that greatness of character

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which is founded on spiritual independence. The book, therefore, in all its voluminous detail repays the most careful reading.

THE INTIMATE LETTERS OF HESTER PIOZZI AND PENELOPE PENNINGTON. Edited by OSWALD G. KNAPP. New York: John Lane Company, 1914.

Additional information about Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale will be sure to prove attractive and interesting to a rather large circle of readers. We are, surely, further removed in spirit from the eighteenth century than from Elizabeth's spacious times or from the age of Pericles, and Mrs. Piozzi was as much of her time as was the object of her greatest admiration, Dr. Johnson. Throughout her desultory, familiar, self-expressive correspondence she is, when she does not merely gossip, as much occupied in her light way with analyzing current values as was Dr. Johnson in his weighty way. She was a moralist because moralism was culture. Moreover, life was to her an exciting affair; its variety offered endless opportunities for the exercise of a critical and appreciative mind. For every one of the ills of existence this amelioration at least was provided: that one could always make a just remark about it. Having said the right thing, one felt orientated with the universe; ruffled feathers could be smoothed and the humming-bird flights of a lively mind could be resumed with fresh courage. To be ill, to be bled, to be physicked, to witness the sufferings of a gouty husband, to observe a charming female friend "going into a decline"—these were miseries to be reckoned with. But one could at least judge them rightly, and, in taking the proper attitude, feel a self-respectful satisfaction. One studied, therefore, to get the right note of resignation or of appreciative sentiment into every opinion, and one saved one's mind alive.

In all this there was zest, but no very deep or infectious enthusiasm. Indeed, it sometimes seems as if Mrs. Piozzi and her contemporaries entertained the most flattering opinions of anything in literature or life with which their critical acumen could find no fault, whether or not the thing itself afforded them much real enjoyment. On the other hand, whatever offended their sense of proportion was likely to seem wholly contemptible. But if there is a certain dry superficiality in Mrs. Piozzi's quaintly characteristic self-revelation, at any rate she never committed the romantic error of magnifying her joys or sorrows to infinity. She is usually shrewd, bracing, and wholesome; her letters are full of an unfailing animation, of an admirable vigor. At the same time among all the little pleasant flashes of disposition in which the letters abound, there is little indication of character or even of especially strong mentality. There is no denying that an occasional quotation of words emanating from one of the greater personalities—such as that of Fanny Burney—contrasts rather strikingly with the great mass of Piozziana.

In short, after a perusal of the intimate correspondence of Mrs. Piozzi, the reader will be able to see more clearly than before what was the nature of the fascination which this woman exercised upon Dr. Johnson, and also what it was that made possible his severe reprobation of her conduct after the death of Thrale. For even men as subject to violent prejudice as the great Lexicographer do not cast off friends for, so to speak, technical reasons. Prejudice, like admiration, is of slow growth, and generally

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nothing so fully damns a person in our eyes as the apparent confirmation of a long-entertained suspicion of weakness in him. The *Letters,* therefore, while enabling us to judge their author with something of the lenience that understanding teaches, throw back a certain light upon the relations of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. Moreover, to those who possess a flair for eighteenth-century life, manners, and style, these letters offer a fresh opportunity for analysis and amused reflection. If there sometimes supervenes a little of that weariness which naturally arises from reading letters not intended for one, curiosity concerning the friend of Dr. Johnson will carry us through.

MIRABEAU: A BIOGRAPHY. By LOUIS BARTHOU, Prime Minister of France. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1913.

That the life of a statesman is usually best written by a statesman (of a later day) is a truth frequently illustrated, and it has seldom been better exemplified than in M. Barthou's illuminating and brilliantly written biography of Mirabeau. Probably the life of no other great man offers so many confusing questions of fact and interpretation, so many strange anomalies of character, as does that of Mirabeau. And necessary as it is to view his career, as M. Barthou does view it, in the light of a wide knowledge of history and of affairs, there can be no understanding of the influence wielded by the statesman without taking into account the personality of the man. Fully appreciative of this fact, M. Barthou seeks on every page to give us not merely a clear-cut presentation of facts, but a living impression of character. Mirabeau's temperament and genius are accounted for, so far as such phenomena ever can be accounted for, through heredity. The story of his early life, close packed with action, redolent of disreputable intrigue, feverish with passion—this extraordinary career, of which the outstanding incidents are seductions, fierce quarrels with wife, sister, and father, slanders, self-justifications, imprisonments, and the endless production of letters, pamphlets, books—all this is told concisely but unsparingly. Nothing is glossed over, yet as we read we cannot help being won to admiration by Mirabeau's superhuman energy, his resourcefulness and audacity. It is as though the man's character in a manner purified itself through a violent activity of thought and deed, always turbulent, but seldom quite ignoble. Telling the tale with perfect lucidity and frankness, M. Barthou makes us feel the character of Mirabeau as his contemporaries felt it. It seems that only by rare good fortune are we able to say in regard to any single event of Mirabeau's pre-political life that his motives were honest or his conduct blameless. Even the vexatious question as to the degree in which his written works owe their quality and substance to plagiarism or collaboration arises repeatedly. All this comes out clearly in the narrative, but at the same time the essential bigness of Mirabeau comes out with a clearness that is surprising. M. Barthou, however, has not been hypnotized by the character of the man about whom he writes, nor does he regard Mirabeau as one of the forces of nature. There is always an adequate detachment in his attitude toward him.

The story of Mirabeau's tempestuous early life admirably prepares one to understand the great part of his career, and here, too, the biographer

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does justice to his subject through the gravity and insight of his judgments. Carefully tracing Mirabeau's political course, and reading the man through his policies, he finds in all that he did a certain unity and integrity of purpose. Mirabeau's plan for the salvation of the throne was, indeed, too involved and subtle for practical use. Nobody, except perhaps a Mirabeau clothed with full authority, could possibly have carried it out. But what if, in November, 1789, Mirabeau had been minister? M. Barthou replies that it is not too much to say that the destinies of the country would have been changed. "What Mirabeau, the secret adviser of the court could not accomplish at the time of his death, Mirabeau, the responsible minister, would have attempted eighteen months earlier, and would no doubt have succeeded in doing." And this verdict seems a just summing up of all the more or less intangible evidence of events and of character. Well balanced and convincing, the biography reflects the volcanic passion and contradictoriness of Mirabeau, in many brilliant sallies of characterization, reminding one in this respect of Lord Rosebery's *Chatham*.

MEMOIRS OF LI HUNG CHANG. Edited by WILLIAM FRANCIS MANNIX. Boston and New York: The Houghton Mifflin Company, 1913.

Li Hung Chang was absolutely the most widely known Chinaman in the world, and probably the name of no other foreign statesman, unless it be that of Bismarck, brings up in the minds of so many Americans so prompt and so strong an impression of character. Yet concerning Li Hung Chang as a man and as a statesman, we have had, after all, only anecdotes and scraps of information. Readers of all sorts, therefore, will probably turn to these recently published memoirs of his with more than ordinary curiosity.

We think of him as a great man and as a representative Chinese—we may add, as a man of "unique personality." But this last phrase, by its connotation, perhaps does him injustice. For the final impression that the *Memoirs* leaves upon the mind is not one of eccentricity, of whim, or of racial difference, but rather of sobriety, of consistency, and of that community of intellect and character in which the great men of all races meet.

This is not to deny that in Li's familiar writings—for the book is made up of extracts from his private journal—there is often a flavor distinctively and delightfully foreign. Opening the book at random, we chance upon such sentences as, "I therefore excuse you from decapitation," and, "Upon the last occasion, Her Majesty flew into the worst rage of late times." These are indicative of that difference of thought-color which so often affects us pleasantly in the expression of foreigners. This effect of racial idiom in the writings of Li Hung Chang is more or less pervasive but on the whole not so predominant as we might expect.

As an Oriental he is somewhat more addicted to metaphor and simile than are Western writers upon matter-of-fact subjects. Into such figures of speech he expands liberally at times, so that one does not forget that he once cherished the ambition of becoming the poet laureate of his country. He frequently falls into a sententious style, and he is a maker of original maxims. Sarcastically he asks the ill-advised reformers, "Why not kill all your flock of turkeys because one of them has a limpy foot?" His version of "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" is "How great and

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honorable is the Peacock's Feather of the Throne, yet how much easier rests the head on goose feathers!" This is Chinese enough, surely, but on the other hand Bacon might have written, "It would seem that a great many people do not imagine they are doing things at all unless they are going to extremes." On a great variety of topics, from matrimony to the tall buildings of New York, Li's opinions, or the form in which they are expressed, have something of that unexpectedness of which we are perhaps a little too avid.

But through it all we see him as a man of massive character and lucid mind. Li Hung Chang was, in a sense, a self-made man; for his father, though able to give his son a thorough education, held no official position and had no influence with the government. Li distinguished himself early in his studies, and at first his aspirations seem to have been purely literary. But at the close of his student days the Taiping Rebellion broke out; he raised a volunteer regiment and entered the fray. For four years he was a warrior, and the end of that period found him at the head of the force which put an end to the uprising. Under his command were such men as General Ward, who organized the "Ever-Victorious Army," and "Chinese" Gordon. For twenty-five years Li Hung Chang was Viceroy of Tientsin. Among the difficult negotiations which he brought to successful conclusions were those relating to the differences with France growing out of the Tientsin riots in 1870, the peace negotiations following the Japanese War, and the propitiation of the Powers after the Boxer outbreak. Four times the Empress Dowager, in her wrath, stripped him of his yellow jacket; yet he never wavered in his allegiance, and almost with his last breath he saved his country.

His superiority of mind is in no way made more manifest than in the gradual change of his attitude toward foreigners and Christians. Rabidly anti-Christian at first, and filled with patriotic hatred of the "foreign devils," he attained in the end to a degree of tolerance and even sympathy that is all the more remarkable when one remembers that his education had been purely Chinese and that until his seventieth year, when he made his tour of the world, he had never visited the Western nations.

His journal shows him very human. It is true that he is somewhat more ruthless toward evil-doers than are we, somewhat more indifferent to the shedding of blood. It is also true that he does not care for Western music. But, on the whole, he lives in the same world, morally and intellectually, with the rest of us. It is likely that his *Memoirs* will help to dissipate the more or less mythical notion that the Oriental and the Occidental minds are in some mysterious way incomprehensible to each other.

THE QUEST OF THE BEST. By WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1913.

This book of President Hyde's is one of the few of which it may be said at once and without reserve that they will do good. It illustrates the hopeful present tendency to formulate the results alike of common sense and of abstract thinking to a serviceable end, and, instead of insisting upon dogmas and doctrine, to select from science, philosophy, and the thought of the best and wisest men, what is most applicable to life.

The Quest of the Best is addressed primarily to parents and teachers;

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but a book that embodies insight corrected by experience is not to be neglected by any one. Tactful treatment and a persuasive style we look for in any writing of President Hyde's, and not in vain.

The author begins with an analysis of "natural badness" in boys, and here it may be noted that without implicating himself in any special theory he not only recognizes facts, but also thinks along the lines of the most useful and suggestive modern thought.

As to "natural badness" his teaching runs parallel to Professor Royce's doctrine of "original sin," in which, indeed, no one—idealist or not—can well fail to perceive an inner truth. Boys are naturally bad, but their natural badness is but a form of goodness in disguise. Before evolution had shown the relativity of morality to man's degree of development, it would have been hard, no doubt, to get such a statement accepted. But since most people will now readily admit that what was virtue in an age of primitive struggle may be sin to-day, it is well that this enlightened view should be made widely effective. Rapacity is a virtue in an age of sharks, but not in an age of civilized men; and boys are likely to be rapacious.

How is the natural badness of boys to be developed into the genuine goodness of which it is the germ? Artificial goodness—the goodness that is based upon restraint—is at best a makeshift tending to provoke bitterness and rebellion. It is a necessary phase, but none the less a makeshift—so much we might learn from history, perhaps, if we chose. President Hyde makes his point very plain with respect to many special matters that have to do with boys. The ideal which he holds up as most real and as most effective in transforming natural and more or less pardonable badness into progressive goodness, is essentially that of service: "The Quest of the Best is the aim to fulfil each interest, so far as it furthers the fulfilment, in proportion to their worth and claim, of all interests of all persons."

The truths expressed in this book both accord with experience and fit into the wider generalizations that have been accepted as useful and inspiring. These are truths of the kind of which there is most need. The sanity of the book is indicated by the fact that, although it holds up a difficult standard, there is nothing in it that conflicts with our enjoyment of *Huckleberry Finn,* or the more boy-like portions of *Tom Brown at Rugby.*

THE LIFE OF THE FLY. By J. HENRI FABRE. TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEXEIRA DE MATTOS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1913.

That variety of religious experience which Stephen Graham describes as characteristic of the Russian pilgrim has a sort of counterpart in "the adventures of the soul among books." The pilgrim, seeking ever to renew a certain deep and sweet emotion which neither he nor we can define, wanders ever farther from home in search of new shrines; the reader in his pilgrimage through the literature of this and other times, for the most part seeks, consciously or not, to repeat in some form the impression made upon him by one or another of the great books of the world. Such, apart from the case of those who search for facts alone, is doubtless the real motive of most of the sincere reading that men do. And when in our journey we come to the shrine at which the naturalist Fabre worships, we

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shall be sure to find something of the solace and inspiration we instinctively seek, though we may be quite unable satisfactorily to define its nature. Without question, to many, M. Fabre's book, *The Life of the Fly,* will mean a moment of rest for the hurrying soul, an impression of mystery and awe felt to be permanent, a fresh point of departure.

Not that M. Fabre is given to rhapsodizing—far from it. He deals chiefly in facts, and he loves to let the eloquence of facts proclaim itself. Darwin bestowed upon this man the title, "incomparable observer," and Fabre's discoveries justify the tribute. The first third of his book is mainly a painstaking account of the life-cycle of the Anthrax fly. The facts themselves, even when briefly stated, are amazing. The grub of the Anthrax feeds upon the larva of the Mason-Bee; but since, unlike most flies, the Anthrax has no weapon for wounding its victim, and since the grub is similarly helpless, the question arises how this feeble worm is able to obtain the needed nourishment. M. Fabre discovered that the grub, with its microscopic mouth, draws food from the fostering larva by an obscure process resembling endosmosis, and does so in such a way that the larva does not die and decay, but remains alive and fresh to the very end, when it is reduced to a mere pellet. But how does the helpless grub make its way to the sunshine through the thick concrete dome of the Mason-Bee? The answer to this question involves the description of a most striking instance of the adaptation of means to a merely temporary end. In the stage intermediate between the larva and the fly the Anthrax is found equipped with a complete set of picks, gimlets, and graters, for drilling through the hard dome—tools which there is nothing in the form of either the larva or the mature fly to suggest. But even this is not all; a greater puzzle is the means by which the grub originally enters the home of its victim. Through a series of careful observations M. Fabre was able to show that the grub when it first emerges from the egg has the form of a thin, transparent, almost invisible worm, and that this worm, after protracted efforts, is able to make its way through minute crannies in the Mason-Bee's Roman vault. Later this almost microscopic creature is transformed into the fat grub whose only duty in life is to grow fatter.

Does all this sound like the trite account of a scientific marvel? As M. Fabre tells the story, it is, on the contrary, an inspired account of one of the mysteries of life. It is fascinating, uncanny, productive of awe. M. Fabre is not a philosopher in the strict, technical sense, but he is something greater and better—a man of truly philosophic mind. Free from metaphysical prepossessions, loving truth, candid by nature, and master of lucid expression, he continually startles us not only with truths that we did not know, but with those that we have always known. In his discussions of such topics as heredity and instinct, his simplicity clears the air of metaphysical and scientific confusions, and in the new atmosphere we breathe with a certain exhilaration. Nor must we fail to reckon as part of the charm of his book the author's personality—his patience, humor, and lovable enthusiasm, as revealed in several vividly descriptive and deeply felt passages of autobiography.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LETTERS FROM MEXICO

MEXICO CITY.

SIR,—On reading your article on "Mexico" in the December number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, just received, I at once cabled you "Congratulations and hearty thanks for your excellent article regarding Mexico." Every one here who has read the article (which has been given greater publicity than you perhaps know, having been reproduced in the *Mexican Herald* of the 14th) feels that it is not only a fair presentment of the situation, but exceedingly timely. Most Americans who, like myself, have been many years in touch with this republic, while they have not lost their local and national interest in American problems and affairs, feel that, while President Huerta's administration—like all others before his—might be much improved on, it is the best we have here, and that it would not be wise to undertake to exchange it for one or more—probably one after another—of the dissenters of the northern part of the republic. Knowing and having followed, article by article, your campaign of many years in favor of Woodrow Wilson as a candidate for the Presidency, I feel that he should—and may—listen to the very human suggestion you make at the close of your article.

I saw to-day the editor-in-chief of the *Diario Official,* the official organ of the Mexican Government, and found that your article on Mexico had been translated and published in yesterday's issue, as it is regarded as of great importance. I inclose you José Juan Tablada's card and the paper containing your article, with the compliments of this gentleman.

H. S. L.

MEXICO CITY.

SIR,—Your view of the Mexican situation which appeared in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has been republished in the *Mexican Herald* of this city.

I have resided here in Mexico for nearly fifteen years. Prior to my coming here I lived eighteen years in Arizona and New Mexico, and I believe that I am fairly well acquainted with the political situation here in Mexico and the peculiar temperament of the Mexican people. I have read with much interest your views on the Mexican situation, and I desire to say that it is one of the most comprehensive and able articles published pertaining to a proposed policy for the United States to extend toward Mexico.

It is a hard matter for an able man even to acknowledge a gross error, but when the justice of it is made apparent and he complies manfully, such

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acts will contribute to his future success, and eventually people would recognize his greatness and acknowledge it by emulating him in acts and teachings.

WM. W. MILLER.

GAINESVILLE, TEXAS.

SIR,—For many years I have followed with interest and profit your illuminating writing, both in THE REVIEW and in *Harper's Weekly*. I have always imposed considerable trust in your splendid ability and sane judgment. But your last editorial on "The President and Mexico" is from nearly every standpoint distressingly disappointing. I knew that the blue blood of a far-seeing literary aristocracy flowed in your veins, but I could never have believed that personal pique could have colored your better judgment and warped your hitherto clear logic as it evidently has in this editorial.

I doubt if any representative student conversant with pending conditions incident to our relations with Mexico would in any degree accept your conclusions. Your manifest argumentative climax possesses every possible logical promise for an entirely opposite conclusion.

President Wilson's failure to accept the *de facto* government under the dictatorship of red-handed Huerta in the face of partial recognition by European powers, demonstrates an unusual quality of genuine statesmanship. Contrary to your conclusion, Wilson's unflinching humanitarian position has gained universal confirmation by gradual acquiescence on the part of every European government. If you know these powers like I do you know that they are not in the habit, united, of turning international tricks of this gravity, merely for the sake of policy. It only confirms the fact that Woodrow Wilson is becoming more and more recognized as the finest statesman who ever sat in our Presidential chair. In short, President Wilson is the only man who ever guided the affairs of our nation with a thorough understanding of the science of government.

I wish you could take a casual jaunt over our country and get your eyes opened to the spreading spell which President Wilson is casting across the paths of all representative citizens.

Frankly, I doubt seriously if you have a clear outline of conditions in Mexico. Any leading light who will advocate the recognition of the Huerta régime or contend for intervention must lack something of true patriotism.

I trust that the utterances of Governor Colquitt have not contaminated your dignified escutcheon. Mr. Colquitt represents only a bedraggled remnant of disgruntals. He has ceased to speak for any of the representative classes in Texas.

Those who really think in the United States to-day in the terms of true statesmanship are fast lining up with President Wilson in his determined policy for Mexico.

ERNEST C. MOBLEY.

[Foreign governments have "acquiesced" simply because they have their own hands full and are only too glad to let us shoulder the entire responsibility. If a single foreign commentator of note has pronounced President Wilson's plan wise or practicable, the fact has escaped our attention.—EDITOR.]

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LIFE AT VERA CRUZ

VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.

IN writing to you from Vera Cruz I want to give you an idea of the real life, or, rather, the existence here. For I am quite sure it is entirely different from what any one would imagine.

With our battle-ships in the harbor, as well as English, German, French, and Spanish cruisers, you would naturally imagine one round of gaieties—pretty women, dancing officers, luncheons, dinners, and tea parties on board, with the inevitable turkey-trotting. This is as the tropics should be. Perhaps it is only "East of Suez" that you see them in their real glory and feel their grip. Vera Cruz certainly is the opposite of everything it should be—there is no lure—and it has the least tropical air of any place in the tropics.

In the summer you would know you were in the tropics, but the month of December has been delightfully cool, with many northers which are not cold, but windy and dusty. It is not the climate, however, which seems untropical; it is the atmosphere. The officers from the men-of-war come on shore and look in vain for a temptation—not that they would yield to temptation, no, indeed!—but they would enjoy that virtuous feeling which comes from having resisted a real Carmencita. There isn't a beautiful or even pretty señorita to be seen on the streets or to catch a glimpse of behind bars. The officers really have fewer temptations than is their due, and I sympathize with them heartily. The poor souls wander around or, rather, sit and drink cooling drinks under the portales around the Plaza, which is all the social life there is. A few play tennis and a number swim every afternoon. Then twice a week there is music in the Plaza by the fairly good military band, and on these nights it is quite gay in spite of revolutions and bloodshed. I say gay—as gay as bright lights and the strains of Spanish music can make it, but there seems no real gaiety. Vera Cruz, however, has suffered none of the horrors of the cities of the interior. It has not been attacked as yet by bandits—pardon, I mean Constitutionalistas—and the battle-ships with attendant expenditures are making it more prosperous than ever.

It seems last February, when our first ship arrived, this city was in consternation over the devastation our sailor-men would cause, and sent a request that they should not be allowed to land. This was granted, and since then they are forced to remain on shipboard. Occasionally you see a regular sailor on shore—one who has come on some errand, but the English, German, French, and Spanish are on shore leave constantly. Some of our men haven't been on terra-firma for three months. You also see the English marine with his white helmet and inevitable little cane, and petty officers from our own ships looking very smart in their white tropical outfit. None of the officers come ashore in uniform except on official duty. This is a shame, as it would decidedly add to the scenic liveliness if they did.

Sitting in the portales and drinking cooling or stimulating drinks as your need may be, is, as I have said, the chief diversion in Vera Cruz. The little Plaza is green and shaded; two sides are occupied by the Cathedral and Police Headquarters, respectively, buildings of charming old Spanish architecture, and the other by two big hotels that set their tables on the wide covered sidewalks.

Here are men of every class and condition, if not side by side, at least

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within a few feet of one another. This is where one hears the rumors. Last week, according to report, Huerta had fled twice. During the fighting in Tampico rumors ran riot. I have lived so many years in these parts that I hardly believe my eyes, and certainly never believe rumors until they are accepted news—history, if you please.

The other day I heard an amusing conversation between some Americans and Englishmen. The English were boasting that the day before three English seamen had been arrested and that it took six policemen to take them to jail! The Americans, with the patriotism that has caused so much criticism in Europe, told, in answer, of two sailors of ours who had come ashore on some duty and imbibed too freely of spirituous liquor. In consequence they were arrested by four policemen. They argued and talked loud English to no avail. The policemen insisted on their going to the carcel. On the way, after all argument had failed, one said to the other, "Pick your *men*, Jerry; these two are mine."

"I'm on," said Jerry, and two sailor-men sauntered leisurely to the boat, leaving four policemen lying in the road.

As we were sitting here the sound of drums and pattering of feet were heard. I say pattering, for it was that and nothing more; the tragic, daily parade of "voluntarios," little barefooted conscripts, caught in the *leva*, came around the corner. "Volunteers" here are marched between two rows of soldiers, so they cannot escape, and are often little boys of fourteen or fifteen years of age. They are the people who have been arrested the day before for one cause or for nothing and drafted into the army. Every man arrested, no matter what his age, is made a soldier, and even women are impressed to go as *soldaderos* (cooks and camp-followers). In Vera Cruz there is one company of real uniformed volunteers. The oldest member, I should say, might be fourteen. Most of them look about ten. They drill and parade and always bring tears to my eyes. The other day I heard a Mexican officer say, as they passed: "Ah-ha! Let *this* strike terror to the Gringo heart!" Though there are seventy-odd of them, I think I could spank them into obedience myself. The pathetic part is that when the need arises these very little boys will be sent into the field to fight for one side or the other at any moment—and until they are sent they won't know which side it will be.

Again we are hearing many rumors about Tampico. It seems, from really reliable information, the Constitutionalistas really didn't want to take Tampico two weeks ago. They only wanted what they went for—four engines, a number of day coaches, several car-loads of dynamite, and several car-loads of provisions, including a car-load of American shoes. We hear now that they are really going to take Tampico "shortly." This word is sufficiently indefinite to suit the situation. It is almost as good as *mañana* and sounds more business-like. Now that part of the Constitutionalista army can arrive in day coaches and with the moral support of American shoes, we feel sure Tampico will fall!

It seems that Admiral Fletcher insisted on a neutral zone being kept, and was told by the Mexican general that it was impossible. The Mexicans are very proud of this: they say, inflating their chests, "Our general defied the Admiral." In spite of this defiance Admiral Fletcher gained his point by tying his boat to the wharf right in front of the Mexican gunboat, thereby securing his neutral zone.

After two days of continual firing it was thought safer for Americans

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to go to their ships for protection, and between three and four hundred were sent to the men-of-war. Some very amusing tales are told in connection with this forced hospitality of Uncle Sam's. It is said that one rather pretentious woman, on arriving on deck, scarcely casting a glance at the officer who greeted her, said, "Take my suit-case down-stairs, boy, and see if you can arrange for me to have a room alone." It was the chief executive whom she thus addressed! There are also many stories, that bring tears to the eyes, of the kindness of big sailor-men to wee babies and small children. It was so rough that all were seasick, and the children were left to the care of the sailors.

Last night we dined on the *Nebraska* and saw their moving-picture show. Though the men have no shore liberty, everything is done for them that can be. Every night, the wind permitting, they have moving pictures with excellent films. Last night, for instance, was shown a bull-fight of the week before in Mexico City with the two idols of the Mexican populace fighting, Gaona and Belmonte. Also a very good film of the Felix Diaz uprising in Vera Cruz, and scenes in Mexico City during the "*Decima Tragica*" ("Ten Days' Tragedy"). They also have boat-races, sailing, and rowing, and sometimes come ashore just to the beach for swimming parties. They also, I am told, visit with the German sailors and are more friendly with them than any of the others—our men like to go to the German boats because they get beer, and the Germans enjoy our men's boxing-bouts and minstrel-shows, which they are allowed to have. It is interesting to see the way our enlisted men are treated, and I suppose it is in consequence of this treatment that the navy attracts such a superior class of men.

This morning it was really chilly, and I felt so energetic I climbed to the cathedral tower just opposite the hotel. To the north lay the beautiful seacoast with a heavy surf breaking on the shoals. Directly east lay the ships of all nations like great gray doves of peace. Whether they are likened to birds of prey or peace, they preserve a wonderful tranquillity in Vera Cruz in comparison with the rest of pillaged and bleeding Mexico. As my eye traveled back from the ships outside the harbor it naturally fell on that picturesque and tragic prison of San Juan de Ulloa. This is, without doubt, one of the most infamous prisons now in existence. Built on a small island, it is necessarily small, and though no one knows accurately how many prisoners there are, it is estimated at between two and three thousand. Many of the cells are below the water-line, and the light of day never penetrates them. Conditions are unbelievable. There are men there who have lost their identity and reason on account of years of solitary confinement. There are other cells built for ten men into which fifty have been crowded. I have often thought that a serious plague could originate in this den of filth, and I have always imagined that part of the triste atmosphere of Vera Cruz comes from the anguish arising from this prison and wafted like a cloud over the city, where it hangs ever like a pall.

On coming down from the tower I found my husband sitting with some officers who had just arrived from Tampico. As the clocks all struck the hour, the one automobile lumbered by, and the little bootblacks and newsboys, pests of the portales, buzzed around. One of the officers, heaving a sigh of satisfaction, said, "Well, Vera Cruz seems like New York after Tampico!" So, everything is by comparison, after all.

ADAH LEWIS.

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SENATOR OWEN OBJECTS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SIR,—I read with great interest the contribution to your December issue by Dr. David Jayne Hill, entitled "The Crisis in Constitutionalism." I read it in full in the Senate yesterday (December 22, 1913), in order that it might appear in the *Congressional Record* and thereby attain an enlarged circulation. I inclose it as printed in the *Record*. You will notice that at the conclusion of my reading of the article I asked that it might be printed as a public document, to which objection was made by Senator Owen of Oklahoma. I am having about 10,000 reprints of this article made from the *Record* to send to some of my constituents in Connecticut.

FRANK B. BRANDEGEE.

SPEAKING GENERALLY

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *December 10, 1913.*

SIR,—Please do not accept my inclosed subscription to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW as an approval of your editorial criticism of President Wilson and his administration. From my point of view, your criticisms are not well taken. The President is only a part of our governmental machinery, and he has no legislative power except of a negative kind, namely, the option of vetoing any bill passed by the Congress. The right to veto must be regarded as a latent rather than an active force. It is becoming less frequently exercised, with a tendency toward obsoleteness, in all governments where it appertains to the executive. Therefore, it would seem that the Executive in a Constitutional Government who abstains from the use of the veto pursues the wiser course, for the very essence of Constitutional Government is the harmonious co-operation of the co-ordinate powers. From this standpoint President Wilson in signing the bill exempting laborers and farmers from prosecution under certain conditions was quite within his rights. Furthermore, the bill had been twice passed almost unanimously by the Congress, and unless self-government is a failure the President who under those circumstances would have vetoed the bill could only be considered as mulishly stubborn.

President Wilson's policy meets my hearty approval because it is based on ethical principles and not on the expediency of greed. Those persons who invested in Mexico did so on the theory that they were obtaining valuable concessions at a small cost that opened up a *chance* for huge profits. They took the *chance*. In other words, the transaction was a gamble and not legitimate business. It is no more the office of the United States Government to protect gamblers in Mexican concessions than gamblers in the ordinary pool-room. The internal disorders and anarchy in Mexico do not concern us only as our international relations are affected thereby.

As to segregation, that is not a wrong to the negro, while congregation is a wrong to the white man and woman who are affected by a sense of humiliation—all the more real because wantonly imposed by their government. Has not segregation in the army been a help to the negro? How otherwise should we have ever known of the courage and the bravery of the black regiments? In like manner may not civil segregation afford our negro citizens more and better opportunities to develop their co-operation for that kind of work?

Lastly, according to your writings, President Wilson has repudiated the

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principles of civil service. No President, I contend, has respected so much as Mr. Wilson the civil-service law in letter and spirit. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft both outraged civil-service principles when they put fourth-class postmasters without examination in the civil service. And yet the officers of the United States Civil Service League hastened to commend the outrage! According to my understanding the purpose of civil service is to make the tenure of office secure to an appointee whose fitness has been ascertained previously by a written examination. But the advocates of civil service go too far in applying this theory to *all* offices. All governmental offices are clearly divisible into two classes: *offices of papers* and *offices of persons*. In the first class the work is purely clerical; in the second class the work is executive and administrative. Appointees for the first class of offices can best be selected by written examination. Appointees for the second class can best be selected by the personal investigation of departmental heads. President Wilson has simply recognized a condition that exists, and therefore your criticism is without a foundation to rest upon.

THOMAS P. IVY.

[If Mr. Ivy will examine President Wilson's essays upon government or note his initiatory acts in connection with legislation, he will discover that his own conception of the functions of a Chief Magistrate bears little resemblance to that of the President.—EDITOR.]

SEGREGATION AND SOCIOLOGY

JACKSON, MISS.

SIR,—In the December number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard very ably argues against the segregation of the white and black races in the Federal offices at Washington.

I concur in what Mr. Villard says in condemnation of lynching (except his error that "innocent" negroes are murdered), though I cannot see what that has to do with separating white and negro clerks.

And I agree with another inconsequential opinion of Mr. Villard's, that our diplomatic representatives in San Domingo and Hayti, as well as in Liberia, ought to be negroes. But I differ from Mr. Villard radically in his main contention. All through his well-written article there is an assumption that the ground for segregation is merely a matter of "color." He writes exactly as if the segregation in the Washington offices was a rule that brunettes should not work in the same room with blondes.

Surely as a scholar Mr. Villard must know that segregation is primarily a question of ethnology. He says segregation "spells caste"; certainly it does. Caste is a detestable thing when it draws an impassable line between people whose amalgamation is not a sin against nature; but it is a beneficent thing when it erects a barrier against the admixture of the highest and lowest races.

The ultimate logic of the social equality of the Caucasian and African races is miscegenation, which would be a sin against eugenics and civilization.

Would mulattoes be capable of preserving our present civilization and advancing it along the lines of its manifest progress?

The repugnance of the white race to any approach to social equality is a divinely implanted intuition (or, if you prefer, an evolutionary instinct)

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against the retrogression of the leading race, which is the custodian of modern civilization and the protagonist of ideal morality. Forcing white women to work in company with negro men is therefore not only a sociological outrage, but a stupid violation of a decree of anthropology.

The folly of doing violence to the race instinct that resists the first step toward the admixture of the races was demonstrated shortly after the Civil War, when Congress sought to force hotels, theaters, and railroads to allow the intrusion of negroes into the company of white people. The logic of such imbecile legislation was the "Jim Crow car."

Mr. Villard speaks of those who urge segregation as "negro-haters." The charge is untrue and unjust. The negro has no better friend in the world than the Southern gentleman, who will not tolerate any attempt at the social equality of the races.

I do not feel called upon to defend Mr. Wilson's administration; he is abundantly able to take care of himself, and if he is too dignified to defend himself he has far abler champions than I; but I must say that I think Mr. Villard's remark that "The Wilson administration has put itself on the side of every torturer, of every oppressor, of every perpetrator of racial injustice in the South or the North," is a remark unworthy of a man of Mr. Villard's standing, and for which he owes Mr. Wilson a public apology.

My opinion of a high public official is of little importance, but I am constrained to say that I regard Woodrow Wilson as the greatest President this country has yet had, not excepting Washington, Lincoln, and Cleveland.

(Rev.) Wallace Carnahan.

APPRECIATION

Richmond, Va.

Sir,—In requesting a renewal of my subscription to The North American Review it was in my mind to say a few words in appreciation of this splendid periodical. I have been taking it for several years and find that it has not deteriorated in any respect, but has rather improved until at present, with Colonel Harvey's editorials, it stands out pre-eminently above anything else of the kind published, and represents the highest and most interesting phase of literature—a reverence for and enunciation of the sound doctrines and traditions of the past, and a promulgation and discussion of the new in politics, ethics, and literature. It is bound to exert a great influence on the reading public, and I predict for it a greater success than ever. The readers of The North American Review are to be congratulated upon the fact that Colonel Harvey will in the future contribute to this paper. To those who have had the unforgetable pleasure of reading his editorials in *Harper's Weekly*, he needs no introduction, for thousands have felt the touch of his fine spirit and have been broadened and instructed by his luminous mind.

In conclusion I may add that its merits justify the publishers in anticipating a wider sphere of usefulness, and rightfully expecting a greater circulation as education and knowledge are being spread in this age with wonderful rapidity.

I wish the magazine, on this the eve of a new year, a more splendid success, and many, many years of prosperity, and hope the editor and the reader will both be spared many years to enjoy each other's company.

Ashby Watkins.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND CHRISTIANITY

BRONXVILLE, NEW YORK.

SIR,—In the December number of the REVIEW is an article, "Must Protestantism Adopt Christian Science?" by "A Churchman," and may I respectfully ask the writer, or any other Christian Scientist, first, What is Christian Science? Further: What are its aims and objects? In what does it differ from Christ's teachings—commonly, generally, popularly known as Christianity? Is it an improvement of or on Christianity? If so, in what respect or respects? If Christianity and Christian Science are the same, why was the original name Christianity changed to Christian Science?

If Christianity is not all-sufficient and all-comprehensive for the guidance and salvation of humanity, in what respect is it deficient?

From my reading of Mrs. Eddy's book, *Science and Health,* I deduce that Christian Science, *per se,* is neither Christian nor scientific.

Science and Health doesn't confine itself to Christian Science. If it did it would be of no use to humanity. The parts of the book that are applicable, here and now, belong to *Mental* Science, and are not original with Mrs. Eddy at all. Mental Science, in its last analysis, is nothing more or less than *applied* Christianity.

Mrs. Eddy gave the world nothing new when she wrote Mental Science into her book, nor did she give humanity anything useful when she wrote the part of it that is not Mental Science.

A tramp once made use of a wonderful "soupstone" which, when boiled with the right quantities of water, vegetables, meat, salt, etc., produced a very good soup. Similarly, Christian Science possesses virtues—when used in combination with the right quantities of Mental Science.

Some there were who couldn't understand the real value of the soupstone; and some there are who do not understand the real value of Christian Science.

On page 7, of *Science and Health,* we find this assertion: "God, Spirit, being all, nothing is matter."

The real worth of any school, science, law, religion, or ism lies in its capability of application. And so, if all were God, Spirit, where and how could Christian Science, or any other Science, be *applied?*

The Rev. Lyman Abbott says that "the best proof of belief is conduct," and that "we all act as if there were both mind and matter."

Mrs. Eddy was not an exception to this rule. It applies to every Christian Scientist. *It applies to the whole of humanity.* Even Christ, while incarnate, didn't attempt to live the wholly spiritual life. He ate material food, wore material clothes, wept material tears, and suffered through the material body, on the cross.

On page 104, of *Science and Health,* we find: "You embrace your body in your thought, and you should delineate upon it thoughts of health." Here, you see, is where we catch the Christian Scientist over in the Mental Science field, dealing with the body—matter—after asserting that "God, Spirit, being all, nothing is matter." And there is where you find him every time he gives a "treatment." In theory he may be a Christian Scientist, but when he comes to practise he is necessarily a Mental Scientist, owing to the very pertinent fact that "God, Spirit" stands in no need of human "treatment."

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On page 80, Mrs. Eddy said, speaking of evil, "It is nothing because it is the absence of something."

Did you ever stop to think about what *nothing* means—what it implies? Bergson says, "There is more, and not less, in the idea of an object conceived of as *not* existing than in the idea of this same object conceived of as *existing,* for the idea of the object not existing is necessarily the idea of the object *existing* with, in addition, the representation of an exclusion of the object."

Both Christians and Scientists are agreed to-day that even "thoughts are things."

And yet—"evil is nothing"!

On page 173, *Science and Health,* we find: "Matter is an error of statement." On the same page, this: "The opposite of Spirit is matter." And on the next page (174), this: "Spirit is God and God is all, hence He can have no opposite." Verily, here is logical consistency! And yet, we have only to follow Mrs. Eddy to page 249, where, with her "key," she clears up the whole tangle by informing us that (Christian) "Science is co-ordinate neither with the premises nor conclusions of human belief."

We find, then, that Mrs. Eddy must have been superhuman. That her "Science" is neither comprehensible nor applicable to humanity at its present stage of development. That it *may* apply, *some time,* here on earth, should man ever become, here, more than man; or that it may apply to some future state of Life which he may attain in some other world. But, that Christian Scientists have not made, and do not and *cannot,* now, make use of Christian Science. That they have so far used, do now use, and can now *only use* Mental Science.

And so the question remains, What is Christian Science?

In answer to the question, "Must Protestantism Adopt Christian Science?" I say, even though it would, it *cannot.* If Protestantism would fulfil its mission, it must, however, adopt *Christianity.*

A STUDENT.

A FORUM FOR ALL

BALTIMORE, MD.

SIR,—From time to time articles appear in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW that surely cannot appeal to the sense of propriety of its editor. Its pages sometimes seem to be open to the faddist, the visionary, the uplifter, and, I am almost tempted to say, the charlatan. The contributions in the December monthly on the "Washington Segregation" and on "Christian Science" are examples of loose thinking, erroneous statements, and wrong and dangerous conclusions.

Presuming that there must be some good reason for this policy, I write to ask if you will not briefly enlighten me, with the assurance that your reply will be for my information only, and will not be used in any other way.

Also permit me to add that there are thousands of readers of the REVIEW who are very apt to believe everything you print, and many of your readers feel like protesting against this policy as being harmful to the whole country.

C. S. A.

[The policy of this REVIEW is indicated by its motto: "*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*"—EDITOR.]

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"TROS TYRIUSQUE"

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

SIR,—You deserve a vote of thanks for granting space in your magazine for the brilliant article by a Churchman on Protestantism and Christian Science. It is of great mutual benefit all around. "Truth is mighty and will prevail." Nothing could have come to us at this time that would be of more value than this article, and a large portion of the blessing therefrom will fall upon your head whether you are a Christian Scientist or not. We are no disrespecter of persons because of difference in religious views.

(MRS.) MAY W. MANCHESTER.

BLOWING ROCK

FREEPORT, ILL.

SIR,—With reference to your statement on page 758 of the December NORTH AMERICAN under the head "Just Josephus," it is with no little disappointment that I observe that such a puissant possessor of prescience as Colonel Harvey fails to qualify as an "obelisk of omniscience" when he says that there is no such rock as Blowing. Although Blowing Rock can lay no claim to fame as the birthplace of the present Secretary of the Navy, it is none the less on the map, its situs being in the Blue Ridge Mountains, not of Virginia, but of the Tar Heel State, and has in past years vied with Morehead City, down in the Contentnea country, as the summer capital of North Carolina.

N. T. COBB.

[We acknowledge the error and make humble apologies to the New York *Sun* for questioning its geographical accuracy.—EDITOR.]

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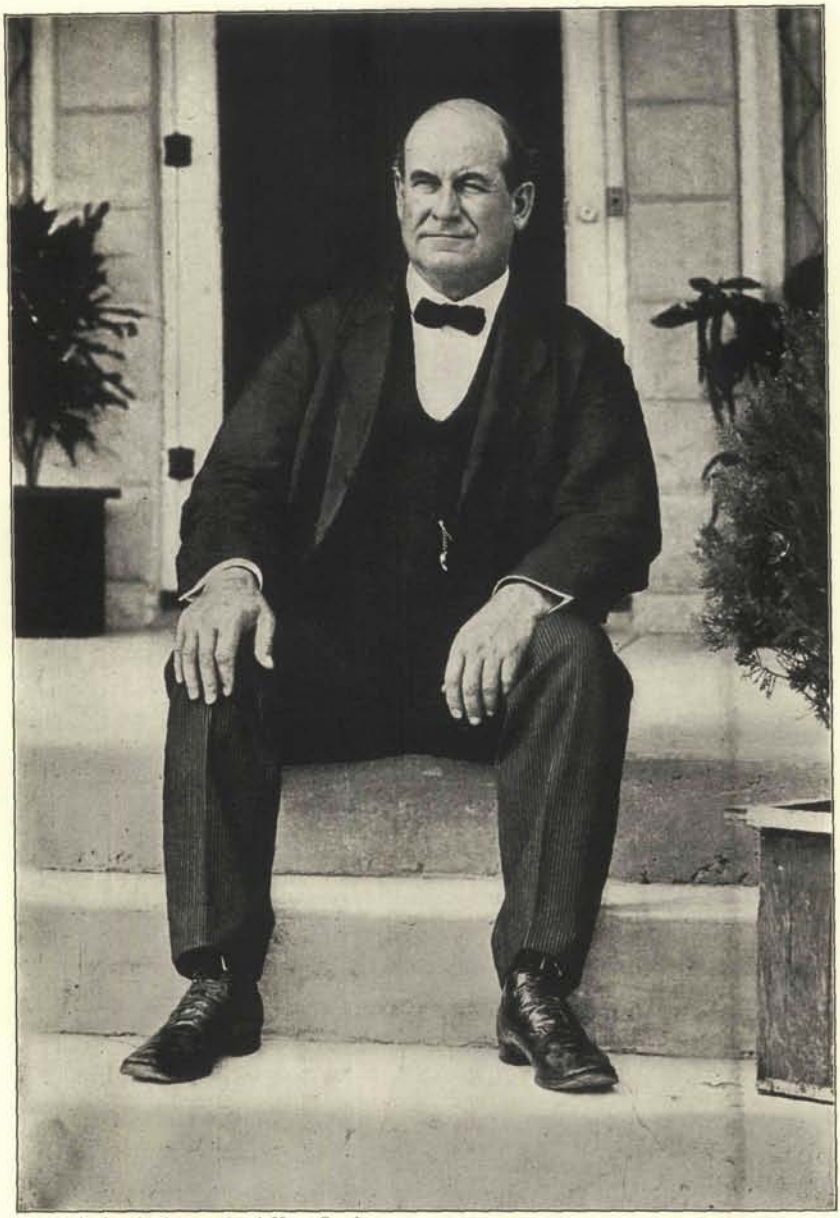

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WATCHFUL WAITING

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT MIAMI, FLORIDA, IN FEBRUARY, 1913

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